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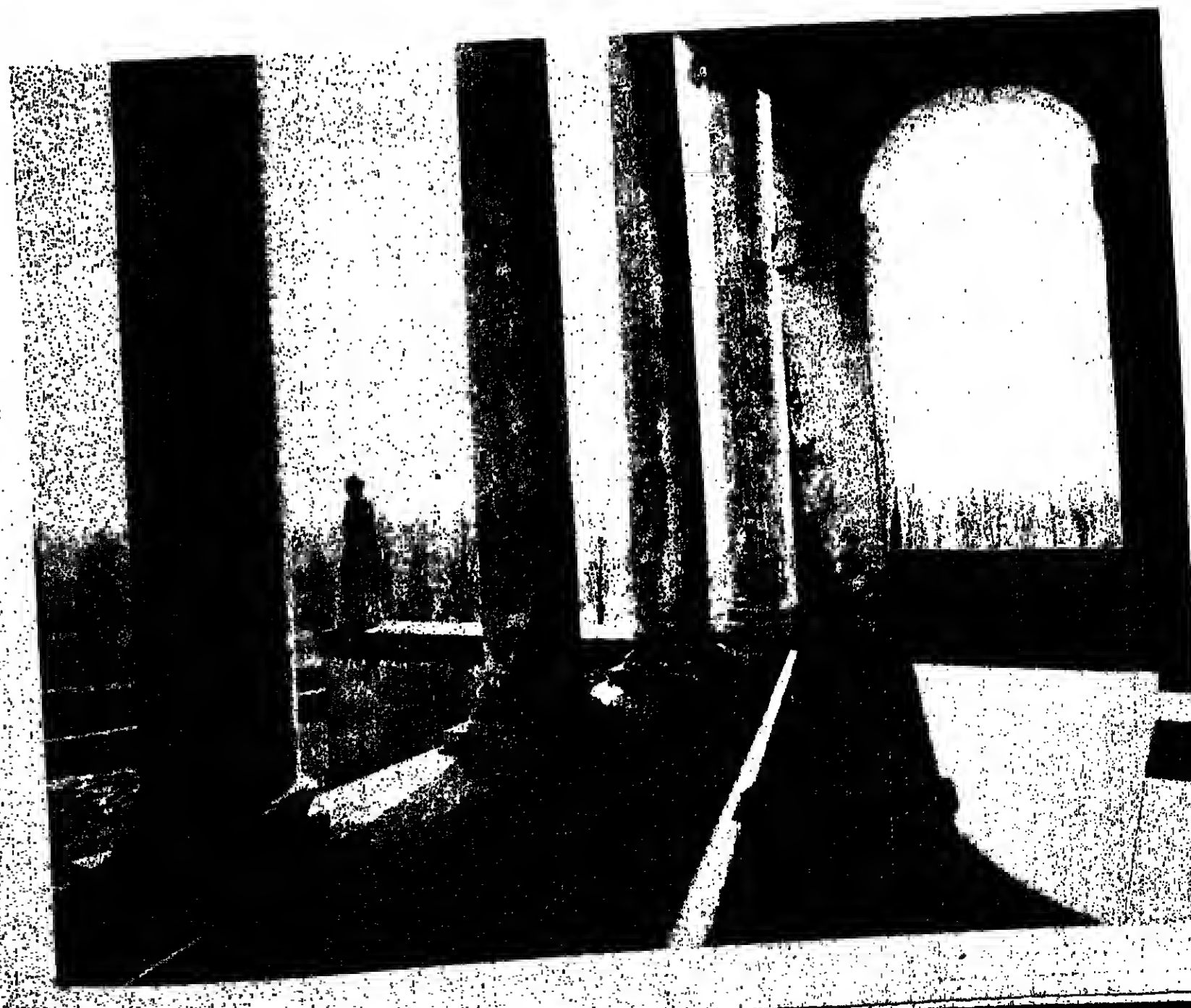
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Contents

Robert Grosseteste, scientist of Creation 455-6
Melanie Klein and human nastiness 467
Fiction: Martin Amis, Margaret Drabble, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Peter Taylor 457-8
Africa's arrested development 469
'The Faber Book of Contemporary American Poetry' 459
George Steiner on theories of history 468

AMERICAN HISTORY 460, ART 466, BIBLIOGRAPHY 474, CHILDREN'S BOOKS 472, CHINA 461, ECONOMICS 469, ENGLISH LITERATURE 471, FICTION 457-8, HISTORY 470, HISTORY OF IDEAS 455-6, NATURAL HISTORY 473, PHILOSOPHY 468, POETRY 459, PSYCHOLOGY 467

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The philosopher of light

Alexander Murray

R. W. SOUTHERN
Robert Grosseteste: The growth of an English mind in medieval Europe
337pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £25.
01928450X

Since the turn of the century historians have paid homage to the achievements of European science by looking into its origin. Everyone knew, before looking, that it must have started at some time before Copernicus. But they did not know when or how, questions whose answers lurked in a thousand manuscripts, written in a script and idiom testing even to experts. In lieu of an answer a simple view was laid, and taught in schools in the lifetime of persons still living. Science (it said) was Greek. It grew with the Renaissance, and not before, because before then "the Church" sat on it as long as possible. Since Pierre Duhem's massive *Système du monde* started appearing in 1915, an impressive array of historians have advanced on the problem like an invincible army. The simple view has been banished to the populous limbo of myth, and replaced by a complex picture in which impulses from many cultures, and even some from thin air, meet and interact.

The longer the advance has continued the more attention has focused on a thirteenth-century English bishop, Robert Grosseteste. Grosseteste was well known in his own time, and later, as Bishop of Lincoln from 1235 to 1253. He could not avoid being well known. His diocese was England's biggest, stretching to Oxford and holding a fifth of the English population; and he was an exceptionally tough rider of it. The contemporary chronicle of Matthew Paris names Grosseteste so often that entries on him fill six columns of index in the printed edition. So he is well known now too. What has only slowly imposed itself on general assent is that this firebrand took office at an age probably one year above the modern compulsory age of retirement; and that both before then, and in his less public side until he died at about eighty-four, he was also a philosopher of exceptional power and originality.

Let us add "productivity". Grosseteste's writings, including *spuria*, are represented in some 2,500 manuscripts. S. H. Thomson's list of them in 1940 filled a short book, (*The Writings of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, 1215-1253*). Until recently this bulk, together

with the author's universal range of interests, made editors cringe; and although editors, too, have at last begun to advance on their prey like an invincible army (from Rome, Los Angeles, Toronto and elsewhere), most of the *oeuvre* still remains in manuscript. So the least of all surprises about this influential Englishman — perhaps one of the most influential who ever lived — is that he lacks a proper biography; and perhaps always will. Assaults from angles other than fully biographical have nevertheless been made. A collective book, *Robert Grosseteste: Scholar and Bishop*, commemorating the centenary year 1953, was edited by D. A. Callus, and is still essential reading for students. But it scarcely touched on its subject's philosophy, and could only touch on it at all because one contributor, A. C. Crombie, had in the same year brought out his pioneering *Robert Grosseteste and the Origins of Experimental Science, 1100-1700*. The title of that book summed up its programme; and its weakness. Critics said that like much (perhaps all) history of science, it started with an anachronistic concept and sought to pin-point its "discovery". But Crombie certainly added to the academic momentum, and in 1982, gathering his own and others' work together, James McEvoy of Belfast published a magisterial survey, *The Philosophy of Robert Grosseteste* (reviewed in the *TLS*, October 21, 1983). The survey was magisterial, that is, as one of pure philosophical ideas. But there was a problem. The thinker of these ideas was a living man, with varied experience and an octogenarian's lifetime behind him before death, alone, checked their flow. Did circumstance and development not affect his thought? These are secondary questions in McEvoy's study. But they were primary if Grosseteste, both as thinker and man, was to be brought back to life. The whole subject, in a word, had now to be handed back to an ordinary historian. He must be ordinary, that is, in terms of discipline (circumstance and development being essential to history). But in range and understanding he must be extraordinary.

This is just what has happened. Sir Richard Southern is such a historian. He has produced a major study of Grosseteste which, while prudently avoiding any ambition as full "biography", interprets the subject's ideas in relation to circumstance and development. The result is that a great but elusive character, who died over seven hundred years ago, has "come back to life" to an unprecedented degree; and done so in a book of three hundred

pages, from beginning to end original, brilliant, instructive and, for all the awesome complexities it handles, unfailingly easy to read — so that whole sections can be recommended even to readers not preoccupied with Grosseteste, simply as fluent summaries of those "awesome complexities" which abound in early scholastic thought, and among which Grosseteste forged his own philosophy.

The originality of Southern's book starts with Grosseteste's curriculum vitae, of which only the sparsest details are known. Southern fills out these details partly by re-evaluating a Life written in 1502, improperly despised. The new, tentative curriculum vitae starts with Grosseteste's birth in one of the villages called Stow near Bury St Edmunds, around 1169. Of poor parents, he probably got his first schooling in Lincoln through the patronage of a wealthy citizen, and also at Cambridge long before a university existed there. Proficient enough to be called "Master" in a Lincoln document of around 1191, Grosseteste was recommended by his acknowledged abilities, soon afterwards, to the household of a Bishop of Hereford. He appears to have eked out a relatively humble living in this diocese until the early 1220s. Then his life changed. Perhaps because employed as an envoy to Rome in the diplomatic coup d'état which ended Henry III's regency, Grosseteste received a rich living in 1225, to be followed by others. Soon afterwards he is found teaching and preaching in the still-infant schools of Oxford. The Franciscans arrived in Oxford just before 1230, and brought a new turn in Grosseteste's career. From that year he taught in close co-operation with these "grey friars" and, though unwilling to follow certain colleagues into joining them (perhaps because he had reservations about begging), accepted their spirit so far as to resign all his livings except one. A compound of ability, experience, royal favour and genuine election made him Bishop of Lincoln in 1235. From then until his death in 1253 his career was public.

The novelty in this biographical sketch is that it leaves no room for an education in Paris. Paris was the intellectual capital of Western Christendom, and it has so far been universally assumed that the great philosopher studied there. Here he is transformed into a poor provincial. This is "lateral thinking", and its effect on our understanding of Grosseteste's writings is comparable to the effect on astronomy of the heliocentric theory. The new hypothesis explains countless anomalies and opens up fresh avenues of thought.

First: Grosseteste's basically English experience helps explain his preoccupation with natural science. Interest in natural science was native to England. It went back before the Conquest to Byrhtferth and ultimately to Bede, and survived the Conquest in the big monasteries. Grosseteste, who had probably studied medicine and music as a boy, would have had contact in Hereford with astronomy and arithmetic. (Southern reminds us of the abundance of, not just English, but West Country English names in the roll of honour of the twelfth-century scientific Renaissance: like Adelard of Bath, Robert of Chester, Robert of Cricklade and Roger of Hereford.) This was the milieu — provincial, and scientific in bias — where Grosseteste spent some thirty years, a period equivalent to Aquinas's entire academic career.

This milieu fed Grosseteste's scientific interests. But it threw him as a philosopher, far from the schools of Paris, on his own resources. The first effect of this was on his reading, which follows a pattern peculiar to himself. He hardly quotes any of the famous Paris masters, instead relying (above all) on Augustine, then Gregory and Bernard, then on an idiosyncratic set of authorities he builds as he goes along. But the self-reliance extended beyond books. It affected his method. Even in mere working method Grosseteste was — and had to be — an inventor. For instance, he invented the index. Naturally argumentative, after all, and working on his own, he needed to recall his reading at will. So he made a subject-index of works read in the 1220s, using, to mark the passages in the books, a set of symbols which puts him among those medieval thinkers — their distinguished names include Boethius, Byrhtferth, Hildegard and Joachim — who express their thought in diagrams. (Thus Grosseteste made two interlocking circles, one higher than the other, represent the *beatificatio*: the interlocking of man with God; an upside-down "V" — much like the compass in Blake's "The Ancient of Days" — God's omniscience, and so on.)

But the effect of Grosseteste's insular education, apparent in his working methods, went deeper than this. It affected the character of his entire philosophy. Southern describes the effect thus:

His independence of mind came naturally from his isolation from the traditions of the great schools, from his provincial circumstances, from his Augustinian view of knowledge, and from his own rude strength. This combination makes him a

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solitary figure, often tentative and uncertain in his conclusions, but very sure of the ground on which he stood, even when his reflections led him far from the beaten track and brought him to disconcerting conclusions.

These are generalizations. To fill them out we have to look at the successive phases of Grosseteste's thinking on nature, phases made easier to distinguish by Southern's reordering, tentatively but persuasively, of the chronology of some of the scientific writings. Thus the earliest phase is represented by the commentary on Psalms 1-54, in a manuscript now in Durham but written while Grosseteste was in Oxford. Here the commentator only pauses on selected verses, mainly (it appears) those which gave scope for a scientific observation, of a sort inviting spiritual moralization. Other early works of his show the same readiness with empirical observation – say about trees, the human eye, or comets.

In a second phase – it appears to overlap with the first but matures later – the observer of nature notices what he is doing and forms the rudiments of a theory of knowledge. This is best represented by Grosseteste's commentary on Aristotle's *Posterior Analytics*. In that book the Greek naturalist tackles the problem of the role of sense-perception in the formation of knowledge. Translated into Latin around 1140, the work had had slow reception, partly because it was a hard work on a hard subject, and partly because it was on a subject whose point most twelfth-century thinkers did not see anyway. In one of many striking incidental passages in this book – which could well be set separately as introductions to the thought of the period – Southern explains why. Knowledge, he says, was seen as a matter of rediscovery, through the study of texts, of what wise men had once known but was lost. It was not a matter of perception through the notoriously deceptive senses. The curious, isolated Grosseteste did not share this conception; and thus became the first Latin thinker to appreciate the *Posterior Analytics*, eighty years after its introduction. Developing one (mis)translated passage, Grosseteste explains how sense-perception, though the weakest of human powers, comes into its own because the others – imagination, memory and understanding – fail, through sin, to give man access to knowledge. The senses have won a humble dignity. The way was therefore open to a theory of knowledge to which *doctrina* could marry with *experientia* to produce knowledge. This was not a description of an "experimental method" (Southern is careful to avoid anachronistic translation of Grosseteste's terms). But it was one of scientific method, from which the other grew.

Grosseteste's insularity made him, then, self-conscious as a scientist. It also shaped a third phase in his development, as theologian. The transition is palpable in the psalm-commentary, as isolated natural observations give way to more systematic commentary, and commentary of more strictly theological character. In theology, Grosseteste's freedom from tradition worked the other way from before. In natural science the ultimate arbiters are the facts, not words. In theology the arbiters are words: God's words, in Scripture. The theology faculty of Paris of course acknowledged this, but already, by a process endemic to successful institutions, had begun to build up a corpus of interpretation which threatened the unique dignity of the Sacred Page. Grosseteste resisted even the slenderest threat. Scripture, he insisted when discussing the Oxford timetable, was "fundamental" (apparently a new word then); its study must have the best hours of the morning.

The uniqueness of Scripture in Grosseteste's theological outlook had big consequences, for him and for Western culture. For in Scripture God had spoken in Hebrew and Greek. To understand his words properly, so Augustine taught, you must know those languages. Southern does not explore here the slight evidence (which exists) that, as Bishop, Grosseteste used his contacts with Lincoln Jews to help him read Hebrew words in Scripture. But the matter of Greek is more important. At about the age of sixty, while still at Oxford, Grosseteste became one of the few Latin medieval scholars to know Greek. And Southern has plenty to say on how he learned it. It was through that familiar paradox of political history, the cultural counterflow following on military conquest. In 1204 Western crusaders had taken Constantinople. There ensued a spate of vacancies for Western clerics in the Greek Church. Soon they would have to learn

Greek. One such clerk was John of Basingstoke. Within weeks of Grosseteste's appointment as Bishop, we find this man, who had spent several years in Athens, receiving a rich benefice – of a sort Grosseteste never gave idly. When we also find John's name among Grosseteste's team of Greek translators he becomes the most likely candidate as Grosseteste's Greek teacher.

The Westerners' conquest of Constantinople thus had, indirectly, the consequence of sending impulses of Greek influence into Western culture. One important impulse came through Grosseteste. It began appropriately with his study of the Bible: knowledge of Greek is already implicit in his commentaries on the later psalms, on Jerome's foreword to

seems not to precede, but to arise out of his theology: it is the result of a struggle to bring his science and theology into a single field of knowledge. He had come to see that the light which shone on the natural world had the same source as the light which shone in Revelation and Redemption, and the expression of this centrality of light was to be found above all in the Bible.

The fusion of Grosseteste's two visions, scientific and religious, was thus linked with the centrality of light in his physics. It affected his theology in other ways. While he had a lot to say on Creation he said relatively little, by contrast, on Christ's Passion and Redemption – a reticence that marks him off starkly from his Franciscan friends. And when reflecting on the role of Christ, as unifier of Creation, he went

permission to use the system of "sworn to" to hunt out vices. If permission had been granted, the diocese of Lincoln would have experienced a measure of ecclesiastical absolutism not rivalled until the modern period. It was refused. Even Grosseteste's ambitious measures met opposition, if not through inertia. Within England, opponents who knew the old Bishop were content to humour and circumvent him. The system did not give way – or not enough to satisfy the reformer. So once more the commentators of the *Posterior Analytics* investigated the cause, a single cause, within the system – and found it in the papal Curia. So, octogenarian as he was, he went and spoke his mind to it. He was humoured and circumvented, and finally when papal power was invoked to nominate one of the Pope's nephews to a living in the diocese of Lincoln – pointedly ignored. The Bishop thereupon uttered a fiery, anti-papal prophecy, and died.

Grosseteste's anti-papal views are in merciful and inconsistent to qualify as orthodox or heresy. But their radical tone was enough to recommend him, long after his death, to that third philosopher in power, Wyclif. For Grosseteste's writings, judiciously bequeathed by him to the Oxford Franciscans, sat there largely unremarked – Duns Scotus read but rejected them – until the late fourteenth century, when Wyclif found them, dogged them into his cause and thus provoked orthodox scholars, notably Netter and Cuscoigne (in the fifteenth century) to rescue him from both Wyclif and neglect.

Sir Maurice Powicke, in his preface to Daniel Callus's volume of 1954, said a definitive biography of Grosseteste could only be written by "a very learned, versatile, and penetrating scholar indeed". Without writing precisely a biography, Southern has displayed just these qualities, in a book which will begin a new era in our understanding of its subject. Southern has added to these qualities a certain magic in prose style, long familiar to his readers, which can render difficult subjects easily palatable.

Magic implies illusionism. It may be, and the magic, that difficult problems remain. Future scholars will no doubt find them. I shall confine myself to suggesting one: the problem of Grosseteste's influence on mainstream scholasticism. The Oxford Franciscan Duns Scotus, we are told here, rejected Grosseteste's teaching, which had to wait until Wyclif for full rediscovery. But Scotus rejected a lot of things which other contemporary scholars accepted; and "Lincolniensis", as Grosseteste became academically known, soon had important admirers. Albert of Cologne, a Dominican, an acknowledged pathfinder in medieval science, followed Grosseteste in precisely the area whose central character we have learned, commentary on the *Posterior Analytics*.

A study of his own ethics remains to be written. Southern quotes his imposition of a "penance", of a glass of wine per day, on a melancholy friar. He also quotes at length a strikingly positive evaluation by Grosseteste of the human act of procreation: it is in essence (free of concupiscent) an act of supernatural nobility. These are not the only traits in Grosseteste's writings to suggest that he was in ethics what may be called a "moderate", and that when in his late sixties he took on the task of translating Aristotle's *Ethics* he did so partly through sympathy with their moderate character. If so, he was an agent of big changes. For Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, by way of comment by Albert and Aquinas, went straight into the bloodstream of scholastic ethics and stayed there.

In commenting on Aristotle's theory of knowledge Grosseteste defined the "penetrating power in virtue of which the mind's eye does not rest on the outer surface of an object, but penetrates to something below the visible image". Southern's own comment is: "I cannot read these words without a thrill of recognition: is not this the way in which a historian comes to recognize the significance of any historical event?" "Or, characteristically, reader: will wish to add, turning to the beneficence of the phrase on its author, Richard Southern has devoted many words to describing Grosseteste's achievement in a few lines of subject returns the compliment."



The head of St Paul: a detail of the triumph of the porch of the twelfth-century abbey church of Moissac, reproduced from *The Sculpture of Moissac* by Meyer Schapiro, with 157 photographs by David Finn (1944p. Thames and Hudson. Paperback, £14. 0500 733663).

the Vulgate, and on the Genesis story of Creation (the *Hexameron*, or "Six Days"). But it also gave Grosseteste access to Greek Fathers, especially Basil, St John Damascenus and the Pseudo-Dionysius; and finally to the untranslated works of Aristotle, principally the *Nicomachean Ethics*. Once the poor scholar got his hands on public funds as Bishop, a translating machine completed the Greek renaissance Grosseteste planned, and organized payment for, the translation of a whole series of Greek works, notably those of John Damascenus, the Pseudo-Dionysius and the ethical writings of Aristotle.

It will be seen from these titles that Grosseteste's knowledge of Greek was linked with his theological, not his scientific, interests. Yet Southern insists – and this is yet another original facet of his book – that these should not be seen as separate: Grosseteste's theology was not an alternative to his science, but its completion. *Hexameron*, after all – Grosseteste's book on Creation – was a little work. So (it is argued here) was *De Luce*, the concise, confident summary of his famous "metaphysics of light", written when the Bishop was already immersed in the Greek Fathers. This chronology matters.

The breadth of vision of these late scientific works

Fireworks at the funeral

Adam Mars-Jones

MARTINAMIS
Enstein's Monsters
Chp. 29.95.
01028353

Nuclear annihilation would be a less likely fate than all if the people with the power to launch missiles in each country had to retrieve the key for the purpose, without delegation or technical help, from inside the body of someone they loved. Let the president butcher his own wife in her Adolfo shroud. Let the President be the key to the entrails of the world, before triggering deaths that would be more abstract because they occur at a distance.

Martin Amis in his new book of stories seeks to understand, of the destruction done by nuclear weapons, by their very existence. Nuclear war is not dramatization, but unless the threat is made, nuclear war may become a reality without ever being an emotion, or even an intellectual reality. And if it happens, the only reality will be physical.

Amis provides a polemical introduction, on "nuclear war", that is a powerful piece of rhetoric. He is at his best with one-liners. "We live in Manhattan of missiles." "The A-bomb is a bomb." He describes nuclear weapons as "assault weapons". At greater length, his rhetoric can be suspect. He is inconsistent, recognizing at one point that "we are slowly learning to write about [nuclear weapons]", at another point lambasting those writers whose "straddled the evolutionary firebreak of HBS" for their silence, with the comment "they evidently did not find the subject suggested itself naturally", as if lack of interest could be the only obstacle.

Amis's rhetoric is sometimes unwelcome, when for instance he says that "in our sphere everything is to do with everything else. In that they are human, all human beings are equal."

Amis's introduction may be anticipated by the subject but nowhere mentions the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, as if nuclear politics were self-evidently a matter for writers rather than activists.

Nor does he refer to Chernobyl, though it would fit in with his argument that "because nuclear realities are always antithetical or paradoxical", the worst news can be the best news for many people. Chernobyl showed up the illusory opposition between civilian and military nuclear power, nice fission and nasty fusion. Amis's introduction may be anticipated by the subject but nowhere mentions the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, as if nuclear politics were self-evidently a matter for writers rather than activists.

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American writer living in London tells how his Polish neighbour Bujak, in his sixties but still "hugely slatted and seized with muscle and tendon", a self-appointed vigilante, reacts to the casual murder of his mother, daughter and granddaughter. The calamity is announced as "in some sense post-nuclear, einsteinian", but doesn't feel so. The extensive use of nuclear metaphor in the story – of *nuke* to mean "destroy utterly", of *fallout* as a strong word for "consequences", of *neutronium* to describe a powerful fist – feels applied rather than naturally emerging. If the story's dramatization of a post-atomic age needed no bolstering, there would be less call for the overkill.

Bujak for once takes no revenge. The narrator comments: "And now that Bujak has laid down his arms, I don't know why, but I am minutely stronger." This would be an effective turning-point, except that strength and weakness in the story are very much rhetorical constructs. The narrator is weak in the Woody Allen way, stridently, insistently weak, weak with all the resources at Martin Amis's disposal.

What is it with objects? Why are they so aggressive? What's their beef with me? Objects and I, we can't go on like this. We must work out a compromise, a freeze, before one of us does something rash. I've got to meet with their people and hammer out a deal.

In a first-person story above all, control of language is the real strength, and this narrator is actually invulnerable.

Amis keeps up a steady verbal pressure. His narrators don't venture abroad without a suit, a shield, without a testudo of style to protect them. Here for instance are three of his narrators, the weak writer from "Bujak", a disturbed pre-adolescent, and a citizen of the year 2020, all deploying one of Amis's favourite tropes, the cadenced short-list of synonyms.

If the world disarmed tomorrow, he believed, the species would still need at least a century of recuperation, after its entanglement, its filtration, after its tbing with the strong force.

Meanwhile I stare into the brilliance and burnish, into the mauve of the MTR Ved lake.

Up there in the blasted, the totalled, up there in the fucked sky.

The disadvantage of Amis's rhetoric is not repetitiveness as such, but too-constant intensity. The second story, "Insight at Flame Lake", makes some effort to remedy this; the story has two narrators in alternation, one of them a foil for the other, with no particular gifts of perception or phrasing. For some pages this narrator lies low, but the effort of mediocrity proves too much. All it takes is for a word like *col-death* to be placed next to a word like *gimmick* ("then there's the col-death gimmick, dreamed up to ensure that parents get no pence of mind at all"), and Amis's style reaches

A Gift

The maker of necklaces turns his back on the latest customer. Before you go, take this: silver and black, a string of glass from London, hand-worked silver, pebbles black to the core.

In the car doing ninety, England is peaceful, the peat no more than a minute's sky, neutral, nothing to do with us. Westop to the smell of petrol and hot rubber, home at last.

With my one hand holding a glass, the other ponders the intricate weight of your necklace. For a moment, I healate before I speak, at one briefly with the heat of four black tyres, the sky, the smell of petrol,

with the customer, and the maker of necklaces.

PETER McDONALD

criticality, his truculent brilliance flares up. By story's end, the narrator's aesthetic IQ has rocketed: "The water was heavily cured in mist, its colourlessness touched with dubs of silver, dabs of gold ..."

This isn't a matter of arbitrary showing off. No one works harder on a sentence than Martin Amis, and no one stores up more pleasure for the reader with his phrasing. But sometimes it seems that the need to stamp each sentence with his literary personality defeats his ambitions as a literary artist. This is perhaps a peculiarly modern artistic dilemma. Fear of inauthenticity can lead to inauthenticity of a different sort, not an unsigned painting but a painting composed entirely of signatures. A reader of *Enstein's Monsters* is unlikely to forget at any point that he is reading Martin Amis, and when the stories are constructed according to a different assumption they necessarily misfire. The brilliant but suicidal narrator of "Insight at Flame Lake" turns out to have been twelve years old. The self-proclaimed "immortal" of the last story, soon to be alone on an irradiated planet, suddenly wonders if he isn't a second-rate New Zealand schoolteacher after all. But the reader of *Enstein's Monsters* is likely to be too overstimulated by Amis's hyperactive prose to be moved, or even convinced, by these revelations. The fireworks at these funerals distract from grief.

No such problems affect the collection's most successful story, and also its nearest approach to pure science fiction, "The Time Disease". The characters in the story are terrified of "coming down with *thue*", though it turns out that what they dread is not age but resurgent youth and vitality. What makes the story so funny and exciting is its enactment of a stupefied and stupefying society, where people say only "It's a feature", or "It's a thing", to convey their response to extreme events. Amis makes this hampered speech, hardly an improvement on autism, both eloquent and unpredictable.

He has always been fascinated with the possibilities of debasement. Much of his writing has been the literary equivalent of tantric yoga, the path to enlightenment that works not by controlling the body and by austerity, but by systematic pollution and the cultivation of impure appetites. The typical Martin Amis sentence will force together high and low elements, pedantry and taboo slang, aesthetics and bestial cynicism.

Perhaps this is why, when he attempts the genre of innocence, in "The Little Puppy That Could", the results are so uncomfortable. The story tells a version of the Andromeda myth, in a post-apocalyptic village where a mutated dog demands human sacrifices. The style wavers between cute and pseudo-cute, from deliberately ersatz sentiment to less obviously false naivety. "Why do people love children? Why do children love babies? Why do we all love animals? What do animals love, that way?" The effect is cloying, particularly as the celebration of natural virtue is accompanied by an unlikely adult agenda.

The women of the village are strong, the meo weak. The women are called Keithette, Clivonne, and Kevinia, while the meo are feeble Tims, Tams and Toms. What surfaces in the story, not presumably by design, is a dread of power and desire in the female, unmanliness in the male, of identity in women and loss of it in men. And this time, unnatural strength and unnatural weakness are both rendered weak in literary terms, by being excluded from the point of view. The story ends with the recreation of a real man, "strong and warlike", to complement the heroine's submissive emotionalism.

There may be an irony intended, but if so it has failed to take, and that in a writer as scrupulous as Amis is itself significant. As so often in science fiction, it is the present that is being discussed, disguised as the future. It may be that Amis considers the breakdown of sex roles a consequence of deeper breakdowns (for instance), but he can still seem to use sexual irregularity as a scapegoat, in a way that is highly conventional despite his career of iconoclasm. Here the hostile instincts too easily disavowed in the introduction return to mar, just for a few moments, this provocative and highly accomplished collection.

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John C. 116

Where the tentacles wave from

Michael Wood

PETER TAYLOR
A Summons to Memphis
209pp. Chatto and Windus. £10.95.
07011 31993

American writers from the South are supposed to be lurid and gothic, dedicated to the notion that blood is cheaper than water, and that arson, incest and idiosyncrasy run profusely in the best families. And some of them are: plenty of life in the old cliché yet. But then there are writers like Eudora Welty and Peter Taylor, who acknowledge the lure of the down-home melodramas, hint at it, leave room for it, but concentrate on something else. There are horrors in their fiction, but they are quiet, private horrors, disappearances, declines, evasions, the products of fine manners and diligent repression.

Welty is beginning to be known in this country, but Taylor is still, in Paul Bailey's phrase, "ludicrously undervalued". He has built up a remarkable body of work, chiefly short stories, over the years, although his publishers can't quite decide how many years, since the copyright information inside this book has him born in 1917, and the dust-jacket in 1919. He has taught at Harvard, currently teaches at the University of Virginia, and prints his stories mainly in the *New Yorker*. A Summons to

Memphis is his second novel.

Both Welty and Taylor are interested in eccentrics, but Taylor tends to catch them, not when they take off into loneliness but when they merge with their stereotypes, become the predictable figures our tolerance can most comfortably handle. Thus a roughnecked, independent, unsentimental grandfather, in a story called "In the Miro District", becomes, through humiliation, just the sort of grandfather an up-and-coming Nashville family ought to have: white-bearded, expansive, reminiscing thoughtfully about Confederate campaigns in the Civil War (which he formerly refused to discuss). Aunt Munsie, in an earlier story called "What You Hear From 'Em'", is a quirky, abrupt black lady who has brought up the children of a well-off white family in a small Tennessee town, and wants to know when the grown-up boys, off making their fortunes in Nashville and Memphis, are coming home to live. When she discovers that those boys and others, for her own good, have conspired to stop her keeping pigs and dragging her slop wagon round the increasingly busy streets of Thornton, she abandons hope. She knows the boys are never coming back, and she becomes the amiable old darkie that blacks of her age and station are supposed to be. Peter Taylor's gift is for making us feel the terrible loss in these supposed improvements: something like the destruction of a person.

What is the point, Aunt Munsie thinks, of

piiling up wealth away from home, where you don't count? "How could they be rich anywhere else? They could have a lot of money in the bank and a fine house, that was all . . .". Even material riches are not just material. A great deal of Peter Taylor is in this subtle thought. For him there is literally no place like home, not because home is sweet or where the heart is, but because there is no other place at all, only an outer darkness where people imagine they are living real, emancipated lives. Until the telephone rings, or a letter arrives, and home reaches out for you, like a cross between a Proustian memory and an octopus.

Such is the summons to Memphis in the new novel: two telephone calls bringing Philip Carver, an editor and book-collector who lives in New York with a nice Jewish girl from Cleveland, Ohio, back to sort out his father's affairs, and save him from the delicate, civilized vengeance of Philip's unmarried sisters. Mr Carver Senior, now in his eighties, wants to marry again. His daughters, who admire and love and also discreetly hate him, will have none of this, and Philip, who thinks of himself as the one that got away, believes he wants to help his father. He needs to believe this, because he would then finally be free of his old resentments against the man who moved the family to Memphis from Nashville when they weren't ready to move, the man who interfered imperiously, long ago, to prevent a projected marriage of Philip's. But resentments in

Taylor's world are not so easily shed, if they shed at all. Kindness itself is, as often as not, only one of the stealthier forms of cruelty. The plot of this novel, the manoeuvres of the players, the sudden returns of eerie pieces of the past, is full of hushed but major surprises, but they won't reveal them. I will say only that the novel, in spite of the title and the character's long years of residence there, is not bound to this family. They were uprooted from their village more than forty years before — the village of old money and gentility and Southern glamour, not the Nashville of Grand Old Opry and Robert Altman — and see themselves as cheated exiles, children thrown out of paradise into a perennially second-best world.

Taylor is uncannily skilled at getting nuances across. The differences in his world of the middle South are real enough, but closely observed — matters of accent and clothes and values — but they are also logical, dreams people cling to, part of the places turn into corners of the psyche. The South in such fiction is not exactly a state of mind, it is an investment in a particular way of history and geography, which cannot be called without pulling the mind apart. And yet, it is not recalled. Memphis is not home for Philip Carver, but it is where the tentacles of home are from; and they could wave from anywhere, as long as it was a place you could neither live nor forget, and where the past was not a sign country.

TLS May 1 1987 POETRY

The isolated voice in the ruins

Peter Hainsworth

ALLEN VENDLER (Editor)
The Faber Book of Contemporary American Poetry
209pp. Faber. £9.95.
011 124150

Towards the end of her multi-faceted introductory essay, Helen Vendler says that she has "sampled" what to my taste seems "the great flood of recent American poetry". Since she is one of the foremost critics of poetry in America, her taste has more than a purely personal significance. In fact, her "sampling" amounts to a progress report on what has happened in American poetry from the 1950s to the present. She has included only fifty-five poets in her 400 pages, with notable omissions in the amount of space given to each. To the well-known names from a list which includes many not so well-known, at one extreme stand Allen Ginsberg (with thirty-six pages) and John Ashbery (with twenty-nine), and the other Randall Jarrell, with four pages, and John Berryman with eight. Obviously the least well represented still have room to show something of themselves. All the same, the quantitative differences have qualitative implications. What is more, though heterogeneity is certainly allowed for, there are strong suggestions that a certain kind of poetry contemporary American poetry and that it is specifically American.

The starting point is crucial and controversial. Twenty-one pages of Wallace Stevens

from the *Collected Poems*, somewhat surprisingly, might think, since his collected poems appeared in 1955 and some of the poems included date from much earlier in his career. The choice of Stevens, rather than Pound, Frost, or Williams, as the link with the high modernism of earlier decades, signals the location of the anthology as a whole. What is missing from Stevens — simplicity, love, politeness, a social sense, religion, a commitment to something other than poetry — will be missing from the rest of the anthology except as something lost. What is there — sophisticated, isolated, a sense of metaphysical unease about poetry and life, a sense of the opacity of both, and a commitment to the "rage" of the imagination to find a poetic order in what has been lost. What is there — sophisticated, isolated, a sense of metaphysical unease about poetry and life, a sense of the opacity of both, and a commitment to the "rage" of the imagination to find a poetic order in what has been lost. What is there — sophisticated, isolated, a sense of metaphysical unease about poetry and life, a sense of the opacity of both, and a commitment to the "rage" of the imagination to find a poetic order in what has been lost.

It is certainly not a rigid or confining framework for the big names — Lowell, for example, who appears less in his earlier guise of poet struggling with history than in his later role of poet struggling with the sense that "All's well that ends well". Or Ashbery, represented by the whole of "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror" and some of his best and most approachable shorter poems, including some of the most recent, which give plenty of scope to his wit, inventiveness and disquieting inventiveness. Or the turns to drink and against his father's wishes, the likeable English clown with the large upper-class stammer, the brisk no-nonsense nanny, the educated Catholic priest who goes to his death for the grand noble gesture.

All these, once allotted their roles, perform them with great verve, but this is old ground. Jennifer Johnston is capable of giving us more than a pastiche, however brilliant, of her own early work. Miranda has deliberately chosen to hide in the amber prison of the past, let us hope her creator will leave it behind.

In Gillian Lindcott's *Knightfall* (221pp. Macmillan. £8.50. 0 333 42435 2), ex-policewoman Birdie Linnett is out of work, though her girlfriend Nimue is doing well as a house agent. What explains why he takes an odd job at an old jam factory in Somerset, where the charismatic Ken Kentmore is trying to recreate the Court of King Arthur. It's an odd set-up, and becomes even odder when the who has decided she's Guinevere is found dead on Glastonbury Tor. A worthy successor to Gillian Lindcott's two previous novels, *Stories*, though perhaps setting her too high, to predominate over her own and her own.



Allen Ginsberg in performance at New York University. The reproduction is taken from Volume Sixteen of the *Gale Dictionary of Literary Biography: The Beats: Literary bohemians in postwar America: Part I: A - L* (338pp. Detroit: Gale Research. \$90. 08103 1729 X).

It is your fate, she has often said, to endure my riddling. Your fate to live at the mercy of my

conundrum, which in truth, is only a kind of psychic joke.

Gr Charles Wright (1935-), who seems regularly to make the very concrete very abstract, as in "The New Poem":

It will not resemble the sea.
It will not have dirt on its thick hands.
It will not be part of the weather.

It will not attend our sorrow.
It will not console our children.
It will not be able to help us.

Gr Charles Simic (1938-), who spent his childhood in his native Yugoslavia and in some ways is not so far from Vasco Popa as we know him through the translations of Anne Pennington. Here he looks back to his lost past:

The fly I was watching,
The details of its wings
Glowing like turquoise,
Its feet, to my amusement
Following a minute crack —
An eternity
Around that simple event.

And nothing else, and nowhere
To go back to,
And so one else
As far as I know to verify.

Gr Jerrie Graham (1951-), writing about the therapeutic power of art, who here gives a Derridean twist to the pain of the everyday:

things will not remain connected,
will not heal,
and the world thickens with texture instead of history,

texture instead of place.
Yet the small fear of the spiders
blacks and blacks
the plus to the lines, the lines to the enigma,
the pinprick

bush.
More impressively, there is Rita Dove (1952-), the last and youngest of Vendler's choices, who writes about the experience of blacks in America, but also presents her modernist cards. If to more mysterious and sensuous vein than many:

The fish in the stone
would like to fall
back into the sea.
He is weary
of analysis, the small
predictable truths.
He is weary of waiting
in the open,
his profile stamped
by a white light.

And others too work out their particular variations — Frank Bidart, using interesting cross-cuttings of images of a "paper-thin" Kennedy to make "the unreadable fresco of any life" ("Another Life"); or Albert Goldfarb, finding

ling the repetitions of historical and genetic patterns in the apparent chance of a dating bar ("A History of Civilisation"), and darkly aware of the pressing otherness of eternity or whatever exists outside our consciousness ("The Tip").

Of course there are moves in other directions. Berryman signals one with his "Dream songs" (from which his few pages are all taken), respectfully making a claim against the "funny money-man", Stevens, for a poetry of feeling, if of a hutchy hostile nature ("It is our kind / to wound, as well as utter / a fact of happy world"). A good many poems — particularly by James Dickey, James Wright, Mark Strand, Dave Smith — are wounding or wounded, grim with the deaths of fathers, God, purposes and American dreams. But for large, rhetorical expression of emotion there are the pages of Ginsberg, including his early "Sunflower Sutra", the whole of his remarkable elegy for his mother, "Kaddish", and an extract from his later half-comic "Mugging" (with lines such as "Shut up or we'll murder you" — "Om Ah Hum take it easy"). It is all loud, but the noise now seems more complicated and interesting than it did when Ginsberg was principally howl.

Still, it is a relief to find quieter voices which also have strength but which shy away from post-Stevens modernism. They mostly belong to women — notably Elizabeth Bishop, Sylvia Plath, Amy Clampitt and Louise Glück, the last being another of the younger poets but something of an old-fashioned modernist in her spectral combinations of archetypal motifs. Among them, older figures, such as Howard Nemerov, Theodore Roethke and Richard Wilbur, all sprightly present, are unusual in not being frightened of formality, or even of

publicly mortified

Publicly mortified

William Logan

LOUISE GLÜCK
The Triumph of Achilles
60pp. New York: Ecco. \$13.50.
0 88001 081 9

Even among American poets absorbed in self-absorption, Louise Glück seems self-centred. Her disturbingly intense poems interrogate the fictions of the self until those fictions collapse. Her lines are plain and unadorned, as if even the mildest metaphor were a dangerous ornament. Only the raw simplicity of language will serve; life is too oppressively burdened to be rendered by anything other than a psychological shorthand. Her poems read like parabases, translations from a harsh and determined language.

traditional modes of writing. Wilbur's "April 5, 1974" ("The air was soft, the ground still cold / In the dull pasture where I strolled . . ."), for instance, harks back to another poetic, quite out of phase with Stevens's jar in Tennessee, and one which not so long ago seemed itself an American norm. Their best, perhaps superior successor among the younger poets is Robert Pinsky, who looks on modern America with an almost kindly, almost humanist eye:

These are the first citizens of contingency.
Far from the doctrinaire past of the old ones,
They think in their prudent meditations

Not about ecstasy (the soul leaving the body)
Not about enthusiasm (the god entering one's person)

Not even about sanity (which means
Health, an impossible perfection)
But ponder instead relative truth and the warm
Dusk of amelioration.

But poetry which speaks for something other than the isolated consciousness or what is evoked by James Wright's phrase, "the beautiful white ruins of America", is hard to find. Some black poems perhaps: "I, too, sing, America" says Langston Hughes, and speaking for black distinctiveness continues implicitly in re-workings of the blues by Hughes and others. As soon as the mode is abandoned, the black poets (like Hayden and Dove) seem to become absorbed into the general modernism. Feminist poetry (particularly that of Adrienne Rich) also makes claims to speak for those excluded from power, though with ambiguous results, however pressing the need. It seems that the demands of individualism or of (post-) modernism do not easily permit adequate public poetry in contemporary America, except in so far as private poetry is itself a public gesture, signifying mistrust and rejection of the social and the political.

All the same, Helen Vendler's introduction speaks of American poetry as having become "commanding". She means principally that it is no longer subservient to external voices, particularly those of the European past, but the word also carries imperial overtones, as though American poetry is now to be listened to globally. There are many excellent poems in her anthology and, so long as we feel that modernism or post-modernism offers space for staking out new imaginative claims (to adapt another of her phrases), then most of the rest will seem at least interesting. For English readers who are tired of coyness, cleverness and understated desperation, it may well all be exciting. But it is hard not to feel that there is a certain narrowness and academicism at work. After all, most of these poets have the obvious advantage of being or having been teachers of English or creative writing in universities. It is hard not to believe that there must be other American writing which is more convincingly public, more ironic, or more simply cherry-pie. If not, then America is an even more peculiar global power than it seems. Much of what Vendler offers is now familiar, quite definitely un-English, but not so distinct from much recent European poetry. Perhaps that is a good thing. As one of her poems from Stevens has it, "the only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream".

In her first book, *Firstborn* (1968), there was a shocking innocence in this doom-ridden, myth-eaten poetry. With each succeeding book her voice has darkened; every cadence is measured to deepen mood rather than enrich meaning. Glück's insights now have a cagey, calculating air. Only a few poets have, like Sylvia Plath, converted the narrowness of obsession into a poetry that makes the reader feel culpable. Glück uses her monochrom to punish her desires, since what is desired may be despised ("I hate sex, / the man's mouth / seeling my mouth . . . the low, humiliating / premise of union"). From the desire to rise beyond the self, a religious mania has begun to suffuse her poetry. That poetry revels in making its mortifications public, and such ironies as are allowed are troubling, ambivalent and extraneous: "Our full hearts — at the time, they seemed so impressive — / Cries, moans, our important suffering".

Lindsay Duguid

MARGARET DRABBLE
The Radiant Way
396pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.95.
0297 79095 t

Of the eight novels Margaret Drabble has published since 1963, the first five were notable for their slenderness and jaunty self-confidence. Since *The Needle's Eye* (1972), her books have spread, becoming more solid but less certain, and abandoning the singular perspective (typically that of a bright, attractive woman graduate) for a wider view. *The Radiant Way*, her first novel for seven years, is replete with these characteristic signs of age: pessimistic, diffuse and anecdotal, it charts the fortunes of three women and their circle, and takes for subject the state of the nation.

The book opens on New Year's Eve, 1979. At Liz Headland's party at her house in Harley Street we meet Liz's old friends Alix and Esther, and mix with the media folk. "Liz moved from group to group, surveying from the stairway, engaging and disengaging, teeking and occasionally swooping, was pleased with what she saw. They were mixing and mingling, her guests; the young were speaking to the old, men were speaking to women. Left was speaking to Right." This rather sardonically presented set-piece suggests that we are to expect a panoramic novel of society, and the feeling is reinforced by the Troillean device of introducing characters from the earlier books (Kate Armstrong, Anthony Keating, Gabriel Denham) to join the crowd.

Coincidence, fate and overlapping lives pervade the book. Brief career-resumes (including those of the three heroines, their lovers, husbands and children), case histories (Liz is a psychiatrist, Alix teaches in a women's prison), anecdotes, childhood reminiscences, snippets from newspapers, accounts of television programmes: all connect or proceed in parallel to produce a picture of present-day England; the struggles of Liz and her relatively well-heeled friends are compared with the lives of the inhabitants of tower blocks and squats or the men who all on benches with bottles and roam the wastelands beneath flyovers. The novel touches on the far reaches of the Harrow Road, and also returns to Northam, Liz's birthplace, the grim, denatured, self-purpose Northern town in which is felt the leaden weight of a deprived childhood.

The Radiant Way is studied with revelatory incidents, often recounted after the event or given in indirect speech. It sometimes has the tone of stage directions: "Olio and Alix stood

with a trolley in Walrose, talking about George Orwell, 1984, and the totalitarian state"; sometimes it sounds as though someone were reading passages out of the *Guardian*. So we have:

Meanwhile, Pitts and Harley, where Brian once hammered circular saws, is picketed by striking BSC workers. There are ugly scenes on the picket line. . . . A hundred and twenty years of manufacturing will come to an end. Six hundred men will lose their jobs. Eddie Duckworth, manager and President of the Chamber of Commerce, will sell his house. His wife, who was always a little unbalanced, will commit suicide.

Against a background of cuts, strikes and general decline, the *malaise* of Britain is exposed by means of a series of carefully planned epiphanies (a breakdown on the motorway, a visit to the hospital morgue, a Christmas with stepchildren in St John's Wood, an encounter with a drunk in an aeroplane), and some political conundrums about the decline of the old liberal Left and the rise of Militant are articulated — at one point with the help of a curious neo-Socratic dialogue.

What links the poor and the rich and is common to the lives of all Drabble's characters, however, is not nationhood but madness and death. The dark fantasies of Liz's disturbed adolescence are merely one point on a map of mental states which range from anxieties and perplexities through phobias to full-blown psychosis. Of the genuinely mad, one girl, an ex-prisoner, manifests a chillingly perverted religious mania, while an Italian professor dabbles on the fringes of Transylvanian lycanthropy and a quiet young man is revealed to have committed a series of particularly horrible murders. Parents, husbands and colleagues die; there are precise evocations of had faith and a virtuoso description of a severed head.

Drabble's selective technique and highly wrought prose — full of inversion, repetitions and rhetorical flourishes — militate against realism, so that, despite her evident honesty and concern, the socio-political elements of the book seem strained and unconvincing. Where her vision does come into focus is in its ichthyographic fusion of squalor, decay, wounds, evil, sex, death and madness — seen as part of 1980s life but also belonging to a darker mystical world. Even the book's title (the title of a childhood reading primer) takes on a tinge of the numinous. Seen in this light, *The Radiant Way* is less like the familiar, warm, baggy panoramic novel of the nineteenth century and more like the paintings of the Neapolitan School mentioned in the book: a large, allegorical canvas, scrupulously filled with writhing bodies and conveying, in a highly sophisticated, frieze of references, images of horror and messages of dire import.

Golden but ghostly

Anne-Marie Conway

JENNIFER JOHNSTON
Foot's Sanctuary
322pp. Hamish Hamilton. £8.95.
0241 120357

In *Foot's Sanctuary* Jennifer Johnston returns to one of her most characteristic settings, the country estate in the last days before the Irish Civil War. Bathed in the warm golden light of an Indian summer, Termon — the name a corruption of the Irish word for "sanctuary" — is a place where for a few days "even time seems to pause" and dreams might still come true.

To Miranda's father, Termon represents an opportunity to repay his debt to a country ravaged by his ancestors centuries before. Like his protégé Cathal, son of one of his Catholic workers, Mr Martin dreams of freedom for Ireland, though his is "a fantasy of trees and daisies", giving heart to barren land.

At eighteen, Miranda, still "only in the process of forming my thoughts", cannot imagine a life away from Termon. Her life revolves around the house and her love for Cathal, now a student in far-away Dublin, where "the real world" begins. Her dream is that things should stay the same for ever.

It is from Dublin that the first clouds come to threaten the October sun. Cathal comes back to see Miranda and "breathe the same unreal air as you" but his talk is of anger and fear, of freedom fighters killed by the security forces. Their future must wait until "we have time and freedom to think". But it is Andrew, Miranda's elder brother and "a sort of glorified spy" for the British Army, who by actually introducing guns and uniforms to this fool's paradise draws down the violence that ultimately overwhelms them all. Of all the characters, Andrew is the saddest: his visions are of the past, not the future. Unlike Miranda, he is tormented by the ghosts of his childhood and by his inability to win his father's affection. Years in England have taught him to despise the Irish and bait them for their disloyalty in rising against the British Army, who by actually introducing guns and uniforms to this fool's paradise draws down the violence that ultimately overwhelms them all. Of all the characters, Andrew is the saddest: his visions are of the past, not the future. Unlike Miranda, he is tormented by the ghosts of his childhood and by his inability to win his father's affection. Years in England have taught him to despise the Irish and bait them for their disloyalty in rising against the British Army, who by actually introducing guns and uniforms to this fool's paradise draws down the violence that ultimately overwhelms them all.

Harry, the visiting English officer, complicates things by falling in love with Miranda, thus threatening Cathal, who, already attacked by Andrew for stepping out of his class, sees in the likeable and embarrassed visitor a rival. Truly an "Indian Summer of Illusions", then. But the reader can be excused no illusion: it is clear from the very first pages that when the storm does come its effects will be devastating. When the youthful Miranda tells her lover, "I want to live here, and grow here, I wouldn't want to go anywhere else. This is my

sanctuary. Surrounded by my ghosts, I know already that while she may never leave Termon, her emotional growth will be stunted forever. Lying on her deathbed, post-mortem speech, already almost a ghost herself, Miranda plays and replays the scenes of that weekend, reassembling the ghostly cast. She slips forwards and backwards into the comfortable and uncomfortable moments of the past", switching from first to third person. She has been badly served by her publishers though. Some sloppy editing means that the novel's chronology is all wrong: the end of the First World War and independence in 1922, yet if Miranda was indeed twenty when her father died in 1939 she can have been no more than twelve and very probably less at the time of Cathal's death. This is irritating in a book where time is so important.

Relying heavily on dialogue, the book does rather reveal its origins in a stage play (*Indian Summer*), first put on in Belfast in 1981. The dating may also help to explain why the novel appears to deviate from the direction of Johnston's more recent work, where her protagonists have been with more mature and well-developed characters. It is only the warmth and sympathy of her characters that prevent us from dismissing her as a cliché of the Ascendancy novel: the charming in her immaturity; the distant, anthropic father; the soldier-son who, rejected by his father and against his father's wishes, turns to drink and against his father's wishes, the likeable English clown with the large upper-class stammer; the brisk no-nonsense nanny; the educated Catholic priest who goes to his death for the grand noble gesture.

All these, once allotted their roles, perform them with great verve, but this is old ground. Jennifer Johnston is capable of giving us more than a pastiche, however brilliant, of her own early work. Miranda has deliberately chosen to hide in the amber prison of the past, let us hope her creator will leave it behind.

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John Coates

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Staying put

Hugh Brogan

JOHN MACK FARAGHER
Sugar Creek: Life on the Illinois prairie
280pp. Yale University Press. £25.
0300035454

One of the most potent American myths is that of a people on the move. The census tells us how frequently the citizens of the United States change house and State; a celebrated passage in the works of Frederick Jackson Turner evokes the pioneers pouring through the Cumberland Gap and South Pass, realizing the national identity as they go. John Mack Faragher has himself made a scholarly contribution to the legend in an earlier work, *Women and Men on the Overland Trail*, which won the Frederick Jackson Turner prize in 1980. But that very work seems to have raised doubts in his mind, as good history should. His new book is a study of some Americans who stayed put. It suggests very powerfully that their contribution to the shaping of the country was at least as great as that of the transients.

The particular people he studies began, it is true, as settlers on the march. In the second decade of the nineteenth century word came to westernmost Kentucky that the Kickapoo Indians had been dislodged from their lands about the Sangamon River in what is now central Illinois, and a trek north-westward began. Before long log cabins dotted the timber along the banks of Sugar Creek, a tributary of the Sangamon; and during the next forty years a thriving farming community developed rapidly. Professor Faragher ends his study in 1865, when a small railroad township, Auburn (we would call it a village), was at last incorporated, and the term "Sugar Creek", except as the river's name, fell into disuse.

It is impossible, in a short space, to do justice to the richness and subtlety of Faragher's achievement. Every chapter, almost every page, contains new ideas or throws new light on old ones, by means of a wealth of detail and clarity of thought which brings the past alive again. For instance, at times we seem to be

witnessing the emergence of a North American peasantry, living in a subsistence, harter economy, where kinship ties are all-important, the rituals of life have an archaic cast (as when a young couple are formally bedded, with much frolicking, on their bridal day), agricultural techniques are primitive, and notions of medicine and what makes the crops grow are primal: sickness is caused by witches, and it is essential to know which crops to plant, or not to plant, in the dark of the moon. It is a world which seems strangely distant from nineteenth-century rationality, and changed only when the railroad began to draw Sugar Creek into the national market economy.

Faragher is also very good on the differing experience of men and women on the frontier. Both toiled hard, but men undoubtedly had the better time. Summer might find them swimming in the mill pond, or lounging naked on its banks, or racing their horses bareback through the water, amid cheering. At other times they hunted, gambled, drank and quarrelled exuberantly, while enjoying all the pleasures of political participation, the steady accumulation of property, and autocratic power at home. Women in early days occasionally found it necessary to grab their husbands' guns and shoot down attacking Indians; but mostly they had only incessant drudgery and terrifying loneliness when the men were away after game, or driving hogs down the trails to St Louis. "The mental anguish that I suffered, tongue cannot tell or pen describe", affirmed one old woman in 1879. It is not the least of Faragher's triumphs that we come to know exactly what she meant.

His main achievement is nevertheless his account of the developing social structure of Sugar Creek. Here, his presentation might have been improved by the inclusion of a few tables; but his general drift is clear. From the first, Sugar Creek was dominated by those settlers with sufficient capital, energy and intelligence to exploit their opportunities fully. Squatters moved on, and many even of the more prosperous settlers did so too (in the case of the Donner family, going west to starvation, cannibalism and death in the snows of the

Sierra Nevada). Those who remained on the pattern of Midwestern farming, which was to endure until our own time, a most striking feature was a sharp differentiation, of landowners, tenant farmers and hired hands, which strikingly resembled that which was emerging in the South at the same time, race and slavery being the only non-important, variable.

Abraham Lincoln lived not on the frontier in Springfield, not first the county seat of Sangamon, later the State capital; but he was only fifteen miles away from Sugar Creek. The creek's people were also his; like them, he was a product of the frontier, a product of the same time, race and slavery being the only non-important, variable. They knew him as a lawyer and a leading White politician; they knew him as a man who had voted for the man from Chicago, Abraham Lincoln, in both 1858 and 1860. Faragher notices this relationship, but he does not explore it, any more than he does the question of exactly how politics worked on the prairie, and how a society of settlers from the slave South was transmuted into a loyal Unionist community that at the end of the century sided with the Union. In 1980 he married Shapiro, his American teacher, with the personal permission of Deng Xiaoping, and left for the United States. Now *Return to China* picks up the threads which he relinquished, and records a searching and sympathetic journey through the details of his past.

The book is unique. Composed jointly by man and wife, it is written in the voice of Liang; but whether its dominant sensibility—human, troubled—belongs primarily to him or her (or perhaps to both) is impossible to know. Its journey moves from encounters with Liang's father—his family, his college, the peasants on whom he was billeted in exile—to chance meetings with others, mostly victims of the Revolution. This is a problem in social history, immediately relevant to anyone trying to understand the people of the Midwest, but it is feared that Professor Faragher assumes, like all too many social historians, that social history really is "history with politics left out", instead of a particular kind of historical investigation, or that politics is somehow trivial compared to, say, the story of reproduction. To which it is answered that if the Union seemed to be full measure of their devotion, then the historian has a duty to explain their attitude, and their views on Indians, railroads, education and drink.

Rediscovering human feelings

Colin Thubron

LIANG HENG AND JUDITH SHAPIRO
Return to China: A survivor of the Cultural Revolution reports on China today
240pp. Chatto and Windus. £12.95.
0 20113125X

Personal memories of China's 1966-76 Cultural Revolution, in which at least a million people died, have rarely found their way into Western translation. In the People's Republic itself, the government briefly encouraged the airing of past horrors—for political rather than therapeutic ends—but the resulting "wounds literature" was mainly thin and sentimental. Now, once again, the party has discouraged dwelling on the past and has told its people—with a hardy but shallow optimism—to leave these tragedies behind them. To superficial appearance, the country has turned obsessively to its future.

Liang Heng and Judith Shapiro's *Son of the Revolution* (reviewed in the TLS, November 4, 1983), recorded Liang's bitter youth during those years—his experiences as a Red Guard, the fractures within his family, their exile to the countryside. In 1980 he married Shapiro, his American teacher, with the personal permission of Deng Xiaoping, and left for the United States. Now *Return to China* picks up the threads which he relinquished, and records a searching and sympathetic journey through the details of his past.

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Taking the strain

Roy Porter

ARTHUR KLEINMAN
Social Origins of Distress and Disease: Depression, neuroasthenia and pain in modern China
266pp. Yale University Press. £20.
0300034511

At the beginning of this century, neurasthenia (roughly, nervous prostration) was known as the "American disease". Today it is not even recognized in American diagnostic handbooks. Yet it is booming in China. Patients by the million experience chronic headache, fatigue, non-specific intestinal pain, and so forth, and term their troubles "neurasthenia", and this auto-diagnosis is eagerly endorsed by their doctors. Sufferers who would be "depressed" in the West are "neurasthenic" in the People's Republic. Why? Interpreting the social matrix of this problem forms the pith of Arthur Kleinman's wide-ranging and thought-provoking essay in medical anthropology.

There are of course some relatively trivial explanations: crudely put, much of Chinese "scientific" medicine is still operating within classifications once borrowed from the West but now discredited here. But vastly more is at stake. For neurasthenia crucially presents a dilemma in a somatic guise (in the body), whereas "depression" (or, more broadly, "neurosis") "bothers" the mind or the self. "Psychiatrizing" problems in this latter way is now a legitimate and well-adapted response in the individualistic West, with our "right to happiness". But in China the idiom would be "distress". For the Cultural Revolution purged psychiatry (it was attacked as a disease rather than a cure). Psychiatrists were branded as "reactionaries" and for a sufferer to confess to personal problems was to be stigmatized as a "problem" personality, in other words, "distressed" and "deviant".

Abolishing psychiatry did not of course abolish distress and trauma. (Indeed, as Kleinman's clinical experiences in Hunan in the early 1980s revealed, the

and express one's troubles as physical (a move thoroughly sanctioned in any case by the categories of traditional Chinese medical theory). This "somaticization" of what we would read as properly psychiatric disorders must not be seen as mentally "backward", a "throwback": that would be to commit the ethnocentric fallacy. Neither does it simply amount to "medicalization" in the pejorative, conspiratorial sense. Rather it constitutes almost the only legitimate means of expressing a personal protest in that extraordinarily tightly controlled society. Kleinman found that his patients, weighed down by appalling burdens of family separation, overwork, poverty and political strife, and denied any regular vocalization of their discontents, were permitted a certain relief—a move back to their loved ones, a change of jobs—if and only if disease demanded it. Being neurasthenic could thus, paradoxically, be their prime source of strength.

Kleinman offered his patients psychotherapy (for he continued to see that as meeting their "real" needs); but many found his offer wounding and threatening: being diagnosed as mentally ill would have been the ultimate cross to bear. "Psychiatry" was clearly experienced by them as a masked inquisition, yet more "comradely consciousness raising", stealing the disease that promised them relief. With the present liberalization, however, this may be changing. Clearly, we must no more be imperialist with our meanings of illness than with our medicines.

This book offers a reflective—and sometimes refreshingly self-critical—review of the fine series of researches into the cross-cultural roots of illness Kleinman has published over the past decade. It carries a plea for cultural relativism. It demands that we decentre "disease" and enter into the meanings of sickness from the patient's point of view, and that we understand sickness as strength as well as stigma. And not least it invites health-care professionals to recognize that to achieve an enlightened grasp of the social functions of sickness doesn't automatically entail that "psychiatrization" is the most helpful way forward. There is a "powerful power" in the body, in sick-



One of the five million Uyghur Chinese Muslims who live in the Xinjiang region (formerly Eastern Turkistan)—a detail from one of Peter Yuang's coloured photographs in his *Xinjiang: The silk road: Islam's overland route to China* (160pp. Hong Kong: Oxford University Press. £19.50. 0 193841212).

Ha finds his father ageing and ill, and effects for him a brief, sad reunion with his divorced mother. Liang's once violently politicized elder sister is now knitting underwear and fussing over her only daughter. "What should she say when the child returned from school and told her that Teacher had instructed everyone to love the [Communist] party? Did Mama love the party? Liang Feng sighed. 'How can I tell her what I really think?' she asked. 'We can love our parents and children, but support, not love, is all we owe the party?'"

The greatest irony of the Cultural Revolution is that it has left behind it a profound revulsion from politics. Almost everybody suffered, and perhaps the wounds lie deeper in the national psyche for being so little examined

and discussed. *Return to China* paints a picture of a land still riddled by the divisions of recent history—in factory, school, home. People have thrown themselves into economic reform as sheepishly as they once luried themselves into ideology. The new elite is as ugly, in its mercenary way, as the old. An ingrained sense of hierarchy is still paramount.

Return to China provides a complex mass of pointers to the future, in which current Western conceptions seem confirmed: the success of the agricultural Responsibility System, with its concurrent threat of a population explosion; the blessed relaxation of party supervision; the struggling emergence of a fresh-minded technocracy; ubiquitous corruption and a rash of new entrepreneurs. There are fascinating passages recording Heng and Shapiro's visit to the old Maoist paragon-village of Dazhai, now discredited; encounters with the Hui Muslim minority; an old friend's first-person narrative of his five-year sentence in the country's top security prison; and Heng's own account of how he set himself up as a non-Marxist candidate in a grass-roots democracy movement at his college in 1980.

But the crux of this book is an ethical and

People's paradoxes

Jonathan Mirsky

LYNN PAN
The New Chinese Revolution
246pp. Hamish Hamilton. £12.95.
0241120381

"To write about China today is to pursue a moving target", says Lynn Pan of a country which she describes as "the Middle Ages plus intercontinental missiles". Miss Pan is a native of Shanghai; she was raised in its upper class by nannies, taught English by her missionary-educated mother and has spent much of her life in Britain. She is in fact skilled at hitting the Chinese moving target: her *Old Shanghai: Gangsters in Paradise and China's Sorrow: Journeys around the Yellow River* are distinguished by their wit and empathy, and are the best recent studies of the world's largest city and one of its richest river valleys.

Pan divides *The New Chinese Revolution*, which covers events that occurred as recently as mid-January, into topical chapters—on the countryside, the city, foreign policy, families, sex and love, crime, intellectuals, religion—

and enlivens the narrative with those experiences of her own that could not have happened to a Westerner. She visits a Buddhist convent and chats with the mother superior; calls at a monastery where members of her family have paid for prayers for the dead; pretends to be a client at a marriage bureau; bathes in a rich peasant's new "porcelain bathtub, as snazzy as anything made by Jacuzzi... and my bath ended to be filled with buckets of water from a single tap in the courtyard".

She says that "as a Chinese I can't be accused

deeply moving one, inherent in the conversations with Cultural Revolution victims—from a debunked Maoist peasant-hero in Dazhai to the ex-student penitently nursing the sick professor whom he had flogged in the Revolution. For "ideological absolutes had led us Chinese to treat one another in ways that ran contrary to any human feeling. Now the political movements had passed and were officially pronounced disasters. If we were to heal our wounds, surely a first step would be to recognize they existed."

But *Return to China* is more than an act of recognition. "After the long nightmare," its authors ask, "how many were looking seriously at themselves, beginning with the basic questions of their behaviour toward other human beings?" On the strength of this book (and on other evidence), the answer is: too few. The Cultural Revolution, when it is examined at all, is assessed in political and pragmatic terms, rather than by qualities of human conscience and compassion. The familiar habits linger in fresh guises. "It was easy to fear that the seeds of new disasters lay amid the optimism, and that China's way into the modern world was still bound to be a troubled one."

Chinese manners of thought and behaviour". She sets China's present in its historical context, and at the same time focuses on its central paradoxes:

No nation on earth has done more in recent times to obliterate its past, yet no nation is closer to its roots. Collectively the Chinese have execrable taste; individually they can be very discriminating... one man demolishes ten years of his life to lovingly rendering James Joyce's *Ulysses* into Chinese; another has never opened a book in his life.

Pan is a skilled China-watcher. She tells us who is who in the present struggle between reformers and conservatives, while observing that "the picture often blurs, with the reform-minded espousing liberal policies one minute and back-peddalling the next". She admires Deng Xiaoping's masterful political manoeuvring: "the moves were the work of a supreme: there was a hovering, a swoop, and then the stuff of which Deng is made did the rest." But she also tells us, in a discussion of the party's fear of "luan" (chaos), that during the wave of executions which took thousands of lives during 1983-84, Deng boasted that he had "killed a batch of people".

One of Pao's favourite writers is party member Liu Binyan, an investigative journalist and author of short stories. He is a survivor of twenty-two years of Maoist persecution, who told Pan that he no longer worried about being purged because "he is, as he himself wryly puts it, 'past caring'". Until recently he received scoldful letters from troubled people who saw him as "a champion of the wronged and helpless", but a few weeks ago, too late for even Pan's last-minute inclusions, he was purged from the party. And his purge has been followed by a national campaign which portrays him, despite the fact that he is a former

J. M. DENT

American notes

Christopher Hitchens

Hawaii is the only state of the American Union that doesn't have a Caucasian majority, that isn't physically connected to the mainland, that has been bombed by an enemy, that grows coffee, that officially recognizes a tongue other than English, that has a royal palace in the state capital and that has a Union Jack in the corner of its state flag. On the day that I first glimpsed Pearl Harbor President Reagan had just announced trade sanctions against Japan while simultaneously urging the Japanese to bear the cost of a re-armed and enlarged military establishment. So I was lucky to have, as my guides, two people with a highly-evolved sense of history and place. Leon Edel, having completed masterly editions of Henry James and Edmund Wilson, is now composing memoirs of himself and others. His wife, Marjorie Sinclair, has passed fifty years on the islands to his twenty. She has published two novels about cultural tension and contrast in Hawaii, and has collected a beautiful anthology of Polynesian traditional poetry under the title *The Path of the Ocean*.

We met at the Sans Souci beach, where Robert Louis Stevenson used to go for reflection and recuperation and which used to be the estate of the McNerny family – whose balustrade on the sea-front still survives. "If anyone desires such old fashioned things as lovely scenery, quiet pure air, clear-sea-water, good food", wrote Stevenson of this break in the reef, "and heavenly sunsets hung out before his eyes over the Pacific and the distant hills of Waianae, I recommend him cordially to the Sans Souci." I can endorse this recommendation, in spite of the spirited attempts that have been made to create a simulacrum of Miami Beach near Diamond Head. Further downtown, the royal palace built by Stevenson's drinking companion and friend King Kalakaua survives in a more spacious setting. The name McNerny is preserved in that of a large depart-

ment store and other holdings. And the name of the main drag – Beretania Street – exemplifies some of the old Hawaiian affection for the British connection.

Mark Twain wrote that the panorama from Pali Lookout was the most beautiful in the world, and the spread of high-rise development has still not abolished the Hawaii that gave rise to his rapture. There is still an innocence to be detected as well – or is that the over-receptive imagination? Leon Edel tends to qualify romantic speculation by speaking sternly of such things as the dethronement of King Liliuokalani by "the sugar interests". Since then, he implies, Hawaii has been a paradise principally for commerce. Marjorie Sinclair does not dissent from this, but there is, in her two novels, a sense of a latent and unextinguished Hawaiian identity. In Kono, the struggle takes place over mixed blood and mixed marriage, with a typically Scots wild card in the genes of the relationship. The second book, *The Wild Wind*, concerns a sexual counterpoint as well, but this time between an outsider and a very Americanized Hawaiian.

The importance of the word or term *Kona* is that it signifies both an idea and a place: a sort of Hawaiian genius loci. In *The Path of the Ocean*, I learned that there is a Hawaiian word *kaona*, which denotes "hidden meaning". It seems that all Hawaiian poetry has a literal and a *kaona* interpretation. I suppose that all poetry is subject to this sort of indirection, but Sinclair makes a persuasive case for considering it as conscious artifice in the case of the Hawaiians. Her book records the oral tradition in that "Polynesian Triangle" which is described by Samoa, Hawaii and New Zealand, and attempts to periodize and distinguish it where this is possible or seemly. (*The Path of the Ocean* is published by the University of Hawaii Press, Honolulu.)

By a nice coincidence, Ellen Emmet Reid's

portrait of Henry James has been lent by Leon Edel to the inaugural exhibition of the National Museum of Women in the Arts, which opened in Washington last month. (A sketch for this portrait, which shows James more bulbous and with a distressingly red nose, hangs in Edel's front room overlooking the Diamond Head crater.)

American Women Artists 1830-1930 is a record of women's painting designed "to commence with and feature that leading family of early nineteenth-century artists, the Penies of Philadelphia, and to include the first signs of abstraction in the paintings of Katharine Dreier and Agnes Pelton in the 1920s". This is the intent of Eleanor Tufts, who assembled the 124 paintings and sculptures on show in the restored Renaissance Revival building, two blocks from the White House, which encloses both the museum and its opening exhibition.

On the walls at present are three paintings by Mary Cassatt, the only American to exhibit with the Impressionists at the Paris Salon. There is also one of the earliest efforts of Georgia O'Keeffe. Lesser-known women painters – themselves part of the point of the gallery and the exhibit – are on show. Dr Tufts draws attention to Cecilia Beaux, a portraitist who executed likenesses of the rich and famous but who also specialized in wives and children and

whom had Mrs Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie among her sitters. The sumptuous catalogue, which contains illuminating text as well as the plates, costs \$34.95 (paperback, \$24.95). The Museum's contact address is 4590 MacArthur Boulevard NW, Washington, DC 20007. The exhibition goes on tour in June.

There is no feminine term in English for the concept of "essence" of his opponents' case. (Does he recall the low view Popper took of thinkers who argue from essence?) It's a handy device. You ignore what your adversaries say and invent their essence. So, if I say some things ought in change, that is "I argue for letting classics die out". Or, if I argue that major scientific research funded by government should be concentrated, that means "limiting research to a few universities".

In fact, I want strong departments of classics in some universities – though I don't accept that every graduate who misquotes Tacitus has a right to a post in one of them. So, too, the fact that I want the Government's input to fundamentally expensive scientific research concentrated in a few places does not mean that in others research cannot be funded by industry and other agencies, as has been done with success by Salford and Aston.

This makes the difficulties of the *New York Times* with "Ms" ("American notes", page 4) seem even more easily surmountable than they have actually proved to be.

Russian Roulette

Elizabeth Winter

Does the era of glasnost really herald the post-dissident era? Can we in London look forward to the day when we can walk into Collet's International Bookshop in the Charing Cross Road and buy the works of dissident writers such as Solzhenitsyn? Can we look forward to the day when a Russian writer is a writer who writes in Russian – not a Soviet writer or a dissident writer or a socialist realist writer or a decadent bourgeois writer? Will the extraordinary divide between Collet's and Foyle's Bookshop, which within one hundred yards on the Charing Cross Road present contemporary Russian literature in all its demagogic diarray, be bridged in this new era? At present the one will not touch émigré publications, the other specializes in "dissidence".

Which of them, one wonders, will handle the books of a new Russian-language publishing house based in London? And will they be imported into the Soviet Union? Absolutely democratic (a co-operative venture) and resolutely maverick (literature cannot and must not be seen in political terms), RR – Russian Roulette Press, 8A Rochester Terrace, London NW1 – launches its first two titles next week. A novelist, a poet, a disc-jockey, his actress wife and a British aristocrat with impeccable Bolshevik credentials are the directors of this new venture. Initially, they will publish their own work and that of similarly

"independent" minded writers. The bond of one of friendship and a commitment to writing more or less than the value of the written word. *Albi serenadi*, by Igor Pomerantsev, is a collection of short stories, or prose poems, celebration of language, affirming Russian literature's place within the European avant-garde. *Russoboko i fungo* by Zinoviy Zin (to be published in the autumn by Heinemann under the title *The Mushroom Pickers*) is a macabre and wickedly humorous story of the marriage of an English Trotskyist girl and a Muscovite eccentric who sees the world in culinary terms.

Future titles include, "Talking Lenin" edited by the disc-jockey, Seva Novgorodov, who for years has been presenting pop music from London to a Soviet audience, and reading letters from enthusiastic listeners throughout the Soviet Union (such is the impact of glasnost that recently Moscow Radio requested an interview with him, not as a broadcaster); and a Socratic dialogue between the Jewish Moscow-born Buddhist philosopher, Alexander Platigorsky, and his neighbours and close relatives in a Moscow street.

London was the home of the first Russian Free Press (founded by Alexander Herzen in the 1850s) and it is surely no coincidence that London should be the home of this new group. Unlike Herzen, its members do not aim to bring about another Russian Revolution, but perhaps hope to repair some of the damage to literature caused by the last one.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 327
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than May 22. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers received on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct – in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.
Entries, marked "Author Author 327" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on May 29.

1 Lynch the conductor! Juggle the drums!
Butcher the brass! Enslave the strings!
Throttle the flutes! ... Stravinsky's April comes
With pitiless pomp and pain of sacred springs

2 Oh curved, curved in a scroll the violin's neck and
carved
With concentration of the patoot hand;
And light those strings and quick to break in the
harsh
Air, and in the inclement weather;
And shrill, shrill the song of the strings when the
horror-hair sweeps
Carelessly upon them.

3 A faint whispering and coughing from
Vest Sunday-fall and origin-frowned on spaces
Peculiar a sudden shrill on the drum.

"The Queen", and huge resettling. Then
A snivel on the vellins:
I think of your face among all those faces.

Competition No 323
Winner: Barbara C. Phillips
Answers:
1 Last year I was walking down Painsley Hill, and
saw Swinburne for the first and last time. I could
nothing but his face and beard. I did not notice
ridiculously short trousers that Painsley people
able mention when mentioning Swinburne.
Arnold Bennett, "Swinburne", *Books and Poets*.

2 Nor had I any illusions about Algernon Charles
Swinburne, who often used to step my personal
when he met "On Nurses" Walk, at the edge of
Wimbledon Common, and put me on the back and
kiss me: he was an inveterate pre-arranged
pat and kisser.
Robert Graves, *Goodbye to All That*, chapter 1.

3 "I well remember, when I first went to Painsley
head-boy, called us together, and pointing to a
fellow with a mass of curly red hair, said, 'There you
see that boy, kick him – and if you are too late to
kick him, throw a stone.' ... 'He used to write poetry
in a time, I believe, but I don't know what he wrote
him'."
Oscar Wilde, *Night and Day*, chapter 1.

Letters

Government and Education

Sir, – I said T. J. Reed reminded me of Dr Pusey (Letters, April 10). No longer. In his last letter (April 24) he looks more like those fairies in the children's song who scream and shout, and throw manure about. He won't, he says, answer points put to him. He will concern himself only with the "essence" of his opponents' case. (Does he recall the low view Popper took of thinkers who argue from essence?) It's a handy device. You ignore what your adversaries say and invent their essence. So, if I say some things ought in change, that is "I argue for letting classics die out". Or, if I argue that major scientific research funded by government should be concentrated, that means "limiting research to a few universities". In fact, I want strong departments of classics in some universities – though I don't accept that every graduate who misquotes Tacitus has a right to a post in one of them. So, too, the fact that I want the Government's input to fundamentally expensive scientific research concentrated in a few places does not mean that in others research cannot be funded by industry and other agencies, as has been done with success by Salford and Aston.

Of course, I realize that Mr Reed is letting his political passions out for a trot. But is he even a good judge of politics? What does he mean when he says vice-chancellors are too ready to abandon their principles and lack backbone? Maurice Shock has been tireless in lobbying government. Does Mr Reed want some act of defiance? Well, that has happened at University College, Cardiff; and as a result the premier campus in Wales, so it is reported, now faces a deficit of £7 million, and a cut of 400 students and more than 130 staff over three years. I don't know whether Mr Reed thinks the refusal of the Principal and Council to implement cuts was heroic. I think it scandalous. It is bringing unnecessary hardship to staff and students and weakens the unspoken conventions of trust and good faith on which rests the relationship of universities with the University Grants Committee and government. The Department of Education and Science is now all too likely to impose curbs on all universities to prevent a repetition of such gross mismanagement.

It is a relief to turn to George Bernard's

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

Mark Abley's *Beyond Forget: Rediscovering the prairies* was published last year.
David Arnold is a lecturer in History at the University of Lancaster and the author of *Police Power and Colonial Rule*, 1986.
Chris Baldick's *In Frankenstein's Shadow* will be published later this year.
Michael Brock is the Warden of Nuffield College, Oxford, and author of *The Great Reform Act*, 1973.
Hugh Brogan's *Mowgli's Sons: Kipling and Baden-Powell's Scouts* is published this week.
Stuart Brown is Professor of Philosophy at the Open University. He is the Editor of *Reason and Religion*, 1977, and the author of *Leibniz*, 1984, in the *Philosophers in Context* series.
Anne-Marie Cooney is Deputy Literary Editor of *The Times Higher Education Supplement*.
Judith Cook's *Red Alert: The world-wide hazards of nuclear power*, 1986, will be reissued shortly in a revised paperback edition.
Lynne Cook is a lecturer in the History of Art at University College London.
Philip Core is the author of *Camp: The life that tells the truth*, 1984.
John L. Flood is Deputy Director of the University of London Institute of Germanic Studies.
Brian Fothergill's most recent book is *The Strawberry Hill Set: Horace Walpole and his circle*, 1983.
P. N. Burbank is Visiting Professor in Literature at the Open University. He is the author (with W. R. Owens) of *The Canonization of Daniel Defoe*, which will be published shortly.
Peter Hainworth is a Fellow of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and co-editor (with Michael Caesar) of *Writers and Society in Contemporary Italy* (1983). His book on Petrarch is forthcoming.
Christopher Hitchens is the Washington columnist of the *Notion*.
David Langley is Professor of Developmental Psychology at the University of Utrecht.
Despina Lal is Professor of Political Economy at University College London. He has recently edited (with Merila Wolf) *Sluggishness, Savings, and the State: Perspectives on the global economy*.
Jonathan Mursky writes about China for the *Observer*.
Alexander Murray is a Fellow of University College, Oxford, and author of *Reason and Society in the Middle Ages*, 1978.
John Nash is Reader in the History of Art at the University of Essex.
Roy Porter is a lecturer at the Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, London. His most recent book is *English Society in the Eighteenth Century*, 1982.
Lola Potter is Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Leicester, and General Editor of *Volumes One and Four of the Revels History of Drama in English*.
S. S. Prawer is President of the British Comparative Literature Association. His *Frankenstein's Island: England and the English in the writings of Heinrich Heine* was published last year.
Mark Ridley's *Evolution and Classification: The reformation of cladism and Animal Behaviour* were both published last year.
N. A. M. Rodger is Honorary Secretary of the Navy Records Society, and an Assistant Keeper in the Public Record Office. His book *The Wooden World: An anatomy of the Georgian navy* was published recently.
George Steiner's most recent book is *Antigones*, 1984.
Cohn D. Tabor's *Journey into Cyprus*, 1975, was reissued in paperback last year.
R. O. Treadwell is a lecturer in English at the Roehampton Institute of Higher Education.
Jonathan Westwood's *A Jibson: A guide to legendary Britain* was published last year.
David Womersley is a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.
Michael Wood is Professor of English at the University of Exeter and the author of *America in the Movies*, *Or, Santa Maria, If I Had Stopped My Mind*, 1975.

letter (April 24). As one who thinks expenditure on Fortress Falklands grotesque, I sympathize with his complaint that the Government has got its priorities wrong. But as I listen in Parliament to the demands, day after day, for greater public expenditure, I think he is optimistic in thinking that the funding of higher education could be returned to the base-line of 1974 without a return to inflation. For there are other claimants with more popular support: the health service, whose economics are alarming; the really poor; the inner cities; housing for the homeless, or, for that matter, prisons for the villains. The Government's priorities may not be Mr Bernard's or mine but we have to accept that its attempts to make the public sector more efficient are both just and popular. Where government is wrong is in thinking that institutions can be changed solely by applying financial pressure. You can use a stick but you need a carrot as well to get results. And a carrot is needed. How else will you get a new spirit in small universities of no more than 3,000 students, not particularly distinguished (unlike Essex) for their research, yet attempting to teach every major discipline? Such places will have to change their shape, and it will be better for them to do so willingly than sullenly.

It was the refusal to agree to any variation from the model of the 1960s that alienated Westminster and Whitehall from the universities. From the days of Shirley Williams's Thirties Points government's initiatives have been rejected, and done have appeared to be living in a self-contained world. In *The Times* of April 9 Sir Geoffrey Elton was very right to argue that teaching and research cannot be separated; and that research in the humanities does not cost much. But he added that "I have never asked for a penny from the Government". He may not have asked but he got it: his salary, that part of the block grant that went to the University Library, and a building for his Faculty which he planned and is now costing Cambridge rather more than a penny in maintenance. Mr Bernard, I think, is mistaken in thinking that all that is needed is for the public to pay up and universities to return to the happy days of the past.

Perhaps one ought to remember a more distant past. The university reforms of the mid-Victorian age took place at a time of unexampled prosperity for Oxford and Cambridge. Around 1875 the annual dividend of a Fellow

of King's was £280, then the agricultural depression struck. By 1895 the dividend had fallen to £80 – which could be supplemented a little by fees for teaching. The Fellows could have paid themselves more, but they chose to create more scholarships for poor boys and to spend large sums on buildings for them. Yet this was also the time when the intellectual reputation of the college began to grow. The days of self-sacrifice have come again but, if universities will take sensible management decisions and not rely on cuts across the board which bring equal misery to all, there need not be intellectual decline.

NOEL ANNAN,
16 St John's Wood Road, London NW8.

Thomas Wolfe

Sir, – I don't disagree with Hugh Kenner's assessment of Thomas Wolfe (April 17) but his way with the evidence is invidious. Quoting a bit from *The Web and the Rock*, he comments:

it is declamation striving to be literary, indeed betraying literary sources whence Wolfe's privy paw tends to fetch much that is striking. We are in a section of Wolfe's novel called "Love's Bitter Mystery" – a lift from *Ulysses*.

Well, yes, the phrase is lifted from *Ulysses*, but in *Ulysses* it is lifted from Yeats's "Who Gues with Fergus?", as Professor Kenner well knows but doesn't say. If there is a difference between an allusion and a lift, Kenner hasn't shown what it is. Is his "privy paw" lifted from "Lyceus" or an allusion to it? It won't do to say that Wolfe betrays his sources, unless you show that what Joyce, Eliot and Kenner are doing with them is quite different. I agree of course that Kenner's paw tends to fetch much that is striking.

DENIS DONOHUE,
Department of English, New York University, 19 University Place, New York, New York 10003.

Military Metaphor

Sir, – Even in the ranks of Tuscany we had to cheer the packed grey columns of your latest *Mashed Shakespeare Review* (April 10) roaring victoriously onwards to the thump of military metaphors: "spiked guns", "major battlefields", "barbed wire". The conclusion was hardly ever in doubt: "Whatever the cooption with which we have played it, the game [of Shakespeare criticism] is finally up." Golly, yes. Though it is a pity that Terence Hawkes's culminating image about going "over the top" does happen to carry a double sense.

But what fun the First World War was! Of course, not everyone enjoyed it, as I remember my father explaining to me. Still, it was well worth the price to supply the English Literature departments with a handy set of rousing images, now that the sensitive game of literary criticism is finally up.

KEITH BROWN,
Engelskjenske, University of Oslo.

'The Apocalyptic Sublime'

Sir, – To reviewing my book *The Apocalyptic Sublime* (February 27), John Gage says, "His conceptual problems begin with the dust-jacket, which describes the book as 'beautifully illustrated'." The statement is typical of the tendentious quality of the review as a whole. "Beautifully illustrated" is of course the language of the publisher, (justifiably) proud of the quality of the reproductions in the book, and evidently unmindful of how such inattention to Burkean distinctions might be imputed to the author by a clever reviewer.

A number of other criticisms have little to do with the book I wrote. Gage objects to my not extending the discussion to the cinema – the one film he mentions is *Apocalypse Now*. However, "apocalypse" is carefully defined on page 1 of *The Apocalyptic Sublime* as "not a mere catastrophe, but a divine revelation, a lifting of the veil". It is true that in journalistic parlance "apocalypse" has come to mean any Big Bang; *The Times* for April 9, for example, reports that "Apocalyptic visions haunt the past protectors of Italy". The usefulness of this extended meaning is questionable.

Gage doesn't like the idea that the Burkean sublime was adapted by artists in ways that Burke himself would presumably have rejected. Of course that's the fate of seminal thinkers. It hardly seems fair for readers of the review to be told that Blake "spurned Burke" as if I had somehow overlooked this, when in fact my chapter on Blake concludes that "Blake establishes a different kind of sublimity, one that does not derive its effect, as does Burke's, from vicarious experience".

According to Gage, the appendix called "The Apocalyptic Grotesque" "is grotesquely confused by the conflation of two Gillray caricatures". The caricatures are "Presages of the Millennium" and "The Prophet of the Hebrews". Each is discussed separately, and the one that is reproduced is correctly identified. One word is misprinted in the description of "The Prophet of the Hebrews": what should have read "Brothers' pocket" was printed "Gillray's pocket". Having read proofs, I must bear some responsibility for the misprint, but to say that the result is a "conflation" of the two caricatures is more than exaggeration.

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Broad or Narrow?

Sir, – David Fraser's view expressed in his review (April 3) of David Eisenhower's *Eisenhower in War 1943-1945*, that "both Eisenhowers" win the broad-front-narrow-front controversy on points "in one sense" (whatever sense this is) is magisterial, but not altogether authoritative. Fraser begs the question of timing. He acknowledges that there was a chance of a decisive result in the west in the first week of September 1944. The conditions which may be thought to favour success may last only a short time. But if you in fact win, it does not matter that you could not have won a week later.

Fraser begs the question again in asserting that, once the Germans had reconstructed their front, the Allies must have paused to consolidate. At the beginning of September the Germans had not reconstructed their front. They were able to reconstruct it only because of the lull in the Allied advance – not the other way round. The question is, was this lull avoidable? Chester Wilmot in *Struggle for Europe* (1952) says that Montgomery broadened the question of the narrow-front advance as early as August 17 to Bradley (when the Allies were still south of the Seine), and to Eisenhower on August 23 – envisaging the possibility of putting the main weight on the right (where he would not have commanded). Montgomery proved correct in predicting that the broad-front advance would come to a halt. Was Eisenhower equally right – in relation to late August/early September?

The failure to open Antwerp retarded the Allies in the longer term; in the context of an immediate narrow-front advance, against an incoherent front, it had only a low priority. Montgomery may be blamed for not realizing that a new command situation was impending, in which he could not expect to have the same ascendancy. But to strive for the best is a venial fault. Had Montgomery not so striven previously, the Allies might not have reached the point at which the broad/narrow option could be considered.

In defence of the younger Eisenhower, in his account of Amhem Wilmot relates that two hundred men of the American 82 Division established a foothold on the north bank of the Waal at Nijmegen, and raised the American flag at the northern end of the railway bridge. Whereupon the British Guards stormed the road bridge from the south, and linked up with the Americans "who were just approaching from the west". The British army commander (Dempsey) was moved to call the 82nd "the greatest division in the world today".

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8 Crich Avenue, Littleover, Derby.

The correct title of David Hamilton's book, published by Patrick Press and included in the *TLS* Listings of April 3, is *Early Golf in St Andrews*.

Gothic and Renaissance Art in Nuremberg 1300-1550 by G. Böttel et al (March 27) is available in the "United Kingdom from Lund Humphries.

THE TIMES

Building blocks

Few buildings have so affected our lives as the generation of schools built after the last war. In a new book, *Towards a Social Architecture*, Andrew Saint describes how they took shape; Fiona MacCarthy reviews it in *The Times Books* Page next Thursday.



and regularly in *The Times*, Peter Ackroyd on books, Bernard Levin on the way we live now, David Miller on sport, Irving Wardle at the theatre, Frances Gibb on the law, John Clare on education, Jane MacQuitty on wine, Barbara Amiel's viewpoint, Paul Griffiths on music, Clifford Longley on the Church, Philip Howard on words, Robert Fisk on the Middle East, John Higgins at the opera, Jonathan Meades on eating out, David Robinson on the cinema, Shona Crawford Poole on travel, David Sinclair on rock ... and much more

THE TIMES

The world's most famous newspaper (25p)

John Gage 15.16

COMMENTARY

Comic cuts

T. O. Treadwell

BEN JONSON
Volpone
Half Moon Theatre

Richard Ireson's *Volpone* is not a production that makes heavy demands on its audience. Cut down, souped up, and embellished with pratfalls, dropped pyjama bottoms and a whoopee cushion, it rattles along at a pace which is never allowed to dip much below the level of hysteria. There is no doubt that *Volpone* can sustain being played in the spirit of Mel Brooks and the evening does bring forth its quota of belly-laughs, but these are not earned without cost.

This is a shortened version of the play (the adaptation is by Ken Morley, who plays the title role), though the performance, with interval, still runs a good two-and-a-half hours. The Sir Politic Would-Be subplot, which is sometimes dropped, is left more or less intact, but a number of minor roles are eliminated entirely and many scenes are heavily cut. Few playgoers will much regret the absence of Volpone's dwarf, eunuch, and hermaphrodite, but to reduce the number of magistrates from four to one, as this production does, is to dilute the impression of the venality and incompetence of justice in Venice which ironically qualifies the poetic justice distributed in the final scene. However, dropping the minor characters, together with some judicious doubling, allows a reasonably full production of *Volpone* with a cast of nine while not doing much serious harm to the play.

Other prunings are less innocuous, espe-

cially those in the role of Volpone himself. The mountebank speeches in Act Two, Scene Three, besides being delivered, nonsensically, in an organ-grinder Italian accent, are drastically shortened so that all sense of the extravagance of imagination Volpone brings to his chicanery is lost and he becomes nothing more than a seedy confidence man. Even more regrettable are the cuts made in the great seduction scene, in which the paradise of cultivated hedonism Volpone offers to Celia provides a vision of miraculous possibilities of the world quite beyond the range of the other characters in the play. To water it down is to reduce Volpone to the same level as Voltore, Corvino and the rest and to miss the rich ambiguity of Jonson's treatment of his central character.

Those new to *Volpone* will gather from this production that Jonson is a master of comic plotting but are unlikely to leave the theatre with much sense of him a poet. Most of the dialogue is projected at high speed and full volume, audset about with sight gags. The play is performed in modern dress, presumably to point up its relevance to life in Thatcher's Britain, though this purpose might have been better served by allowing the underlying seriousness of its themes to emerge more clearly. All the performances are competent or better: Ken Morley as Volpone and John Mstshikiza as Mosca are hampered by a production which takes no account of their fundamental sinisterness, but both perform creditably within the limits allowed them. Joolia Cappleman's lasciviously twin-setted Lady Would-Be is particularly good. Those of a sensitive nature should perhaps be warned that vomit features fairly prominently in this producer's realization of the text.

The nuclear nightmare

Judith Cook

VLADIMIR GUBAREV
Sarcophagus
The Pit, Borbican

Just imagine: none of us will be here then, not even our great, great grandchildren. All our cities will have gone, even the pyramids of Egypt will be just a handful of dust – yet the sarcophagus around this reactor of yours will still be standing. The pyramids of the Pharaohs have been there for a mere five thousand years, but to contain the radiation, your nuclear pyramid must remain for at least a hundred thousand years. . . that's some monument to leave to our descendants, isn't it?

It is with these words that Bessmertry, who calls himself "the Immortal" or "Fred the Undead", taunts the dying Director of the Chernobyl nuclear power station in *Sarcophagus*, a play by Vladimir Gubarev, Science Editor of *Pravda*. From its opening in the eerie quiet of a special hospital ward, untenanted except for the Immortal, the victim of an earlier nuclear accident, the director Jude Kelly builds steadily towards a horrifying climax as we enter into a nuclear nightmare.

The story unfolds like a Greek tragedy, confined both within the walls of the terminal ward and within a tight time-scale of forty-eight hours. The play is wordy and needs to be listened to with care. Its exposition of the morality of nuclear power is punctuated by frantic activity as one after another the ten victims begin to die. Michael Glenney's translation is clear and precise and makes much use of biblical imagery.

The ten victims present a cross-section of people faced with the unimaginable physical and psychological consequences of large doses of radiation. There is Bernard Horsfall's Director, a medical scientist who replaced a more brilliant one sacked for expressing his concern about safety at the plant; David Killick's Chief Fire Officer, who passed unsafe materials as safe because it was easier that way and who then tried to cover up the extent of the catastrophe; and, inevitably, the ordinary people who suffered – the fireman, driver, safety officer, the old woman caught in the open milking her cow, the petty crook on his way home from a burglary.

Again and again we hear echoes of reassurances heard recently in the United Kingdom. "The reactor was a perfect scientific device", says a scientist as a corpse is wheeled away on a trolley. "My neighbour at the nearby nuclear plant thought the rise in radiation was from his station", says the Director. "I didn't think it could possibly have happened at mine." "Those men in the Ministry said it was safe and they're experts, aren't they?" "It was a good, well-paid job, wasn't it, we just did what we were told."

Slowly, an investigator, played with authority by Peter Guinness unravels a story of false economy, faulty workmanship, safety equipment which did not work, of thereafter pushed too hard to notch up record outputs and of sheer human error.

Nick Woodasoo gives a convincing and moving performance as the Immortal, a kind of Everyman full of charnel-house humour, who comments on the story as it unfolds and asks the questions we might like to ask. Bald, scarred and yellow, he looms around the stage in a baggy suit. A strong cast is led by Geraldine Fitzgerald as the quiet, authoritative Dr Petrovna, Carol Gillies as the bleakly professional Professor Pitynsa and Amanda Harris as the idealistic young doctor who decides she is cut out to be a heroine but breaks down when faced with reality.

The play ends where it began – with an empty ward and the Immortal. All the victims are dead. Nowhere does the author say that nuclear power is wrong, what he does make a powerful plea for far greater responsibility with the suggestion that perhaps that responsibility is just too great for human frailty.

From time to time we hear a radio which is giving public service announcements as to what to do in the event of a nuclear war. The advice is as incredible as that in the Civil Defence booklet *Protect and Survive*, and it becomes bleakly funny in the context of what we are seeing on stage, a point made by the American cancer specialist Professor Kyle.

"When you're back in America", the Immortal tells him, "tell your people – the ones with their fingers on the button – that if they press it there will be nothing left, nothing. Or only people like me – and there's no life, and no joy in my existence. Tell them that."

Caroline courtships

Lois Potter

JAMES SHIRLEY
Hyde Park
Swan Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon

A play written for the spring opening of Hyde Park in 1632 – comedy of manners with a dash of local colour – must have seemed an appropriate opening too for the new season in the Swan. But Shirley's play poses more problems than one might expect. It isn't very funny. Nor, though written in verse, is it poetic (Lord Bonville's little aria, "Lady, you are welcome to the spring", on which John Carlisle lavishes his most dulcet tones, is a rare example of the "compliment" for which the author's contemporaries admired him). The dialogue is chiefly characterized by a rather colourless realism, with much of the vagueness, hesitation and banality of ordinary conversation. This makes it hard to follow. Shirley can find his way around Caroline society, but cannot tell a stranger how to get there.

The Park is only one of several settings for the intertwining courtships of several people of leisure. They watch foot and horse races, drink syllabub, and guess at their success in love (like Milton in an early sonnet) by whether they first hear the nightingale or the cuckoo. The cuckoo dominates, and a surprising number of men are left unpartnered at the end. But the women, however "wild" they claim to be, are all paired off. No one makes any real attempt to defy conventional morality. In fact, no one does anything much: apart from one unlucky competitor, the racing involves the cast only as spectators.

Though the programme is full of information about Caroline London, the only point it gives to the nature of Barry Kyle's production is a reference to the "Hyda Park Gate News" which Virginia Woolf edited at the age of eight. The play has been reset in arty Georgian London. Trier is a society painter; Fairfield and Carol look a bit like the young Rupert Brooke and the not-so-young Virginia Woolf. The stage is dominated at first by Trier's elegantly decorative portraits of the female characters. Then, in the final scene, when everyone brings wedding presents for Lacy and Mistress Bonnavent, Lord Bonville arrives with Van Dyck's "Charles I on Horseback". The portrait watches over the remaining action, except when

Bonville, interrupting his seduction attempt, turns it to the wall.

A joke, or a symbol of the return to chivalric values which war will soon bring? The women sometimes seem dimly aware of the comic change, but are powerless to bring it about. A suffragette approaches Mistress Bonnavent as Carol in Hyde Park, presumably on her way to throw herself under a horse; one woman is disgusted, the other quizzically amused. Juliet, whose fiancé has had the bright idea of leaving her alone with Bonville to see whether she can cope, is so frozen with horror when she starts taking her clothes off that she can only carry on moralizing, instead of dashing for the door. Her words, amazingly, are able to keep the ageing roud in his tracks. Even Fanny Dean's beautiful performance cannot explain how Carol, who literally sums up the play, her name suggests birdsong, dance, and the Chnries – is played by Fiona Shaw as a demented neurotic, badly in need of a room of her own, who takes out her frustration by tormenting her suitors. All three women eventually succumb to authority figures. Mistress Bonnavent (touchingly played by Pippa Guard) undeniably abandons the young man she has just married when her previous husband, a middle-aged army officer, turns up after seven years' absence. Julietta exchanges the weak-kneed Trier for the supposedly repentant Bonville. Carol determines to marry the only man able to take a tough line with her contrarians.

Transplanting the play solves the problem of creating an atmosphere free from the associations of Jacobean and Restoration comedy. But it creates other problems. It is hard to watch a play about Bloomsbury while listening to one about Caroline London, especially when, as on the first night, the music draws some crucial lines. Moreover, Kyle, though he uses a very full text, keeps slightly more information from the audience than Shirley did for the sake of a more effective ending. (The programme text, incidentally, no longer labels scene alterations.) More seriously, the logic of the play is too much of a burden for the players. Despite a sympathetic cast, with outstanding performances from three fine actresses, it remains an example rather than a work of art. For a genuinely critical view of Caroline social and dramaturgical conventions, you have to go to Richard Brome. How about reviving him next year?

Single-minded seductions

Roger Warren

W.A. MOZART
Don Giovanni
Salzburg Easter Festival

Michal Hájek and Mauro Pagano's new *Don Giovanni* presents an unremittingly sombre view of the opera. As in their *Così fan tutte* of 1982, elegant architectural settings slide noiselessly back and forth to suggest the various locations. The colour scheme is almost entirely black, even for Zerlina's wedding party, until the final supper scene, when Hájek and Pagano deliver a stunning *coup de théâtre* as the sets slide away to reveal the huge empty expanses of the Grosses Festspielhaus stage and a vast cyclorama showing an ice-blue galaxy of stars and planets. As the Commendatore's statue trundles forward to carry Don Giovanni away, the galaxy turns a fiery red. It is rare for a staging of this scene to succeed so completely in matching the impact of the music, and conveying the sense of one universe encroaching upon another.

The Commendatore here accomplishes the revenge that his daughter Donna Anna cannot achieve because of her conflicting emotions. Responding to the implications of the caressing woodwind phrases in the first scene, Anna Tomowa-Sintow suggests that Anna is yielding to Giovanni in the very act of pursuing him. Gösta Winbergh's Ottavio is a figure of stolid propriety far removed from the complicated passions of this Anna.

The relations between men and women emerge as a deadly game, and one that is played as expertly by women as by men. Don Giovanni's seduction duel with Zerlina takes on a sinister erotic clinge when played out as a deliberate *andante* by two elegant figures in black. At the start, they are separated by the entire width of the stage, with Kathleen Battle's self-possessed Zerlina facing away from Samuel Ramey's Giovanni; during the course of the duet, she compels him to come closer, rather than the other way round.

Alexander Malta's oafish Masetto is a match for his new wife. There is a parallel between this unequal partnership and that of Anna and Ottavio. By comparison with the Anna and Zerlina, Julia Varady's attitudinizing, squally Elvira is merely baffling; no intelligible view of the character emerges.

Hájek's powerful, single-minded staging is in accord with Herbert von Karajan's musical interpretation which is based on huge dynamic contrasts, from the tremulous *allegretto* of the opening to the *placidissimo* of the finale after the stabbing of the Commendatore. The singers are consistently less eloquent than the virtuosity of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, partly because Karajan's over-insistence on observing piano markings frequently made them hard to hear. Together with the underplaying of the *allegretto* element, this would be the disadvantage of Samuel Ramey's elegant but lightweight Giovanni and Patricia Cullen's witty, nimble sung Leporello. The arrival of Paola Burchard's Donna Elvira, when all three rise grandly to the magnificent staging of the scene.

A question of content

John Nash

Looking Into Paintings: Narrative Painting
Plymouth Museum and Art Gallery, until June 1

Looking Into Paintings: Narrative Painting is a didactic display. It is one of three (the others are devoted to landscape and portraits) organized by the Arts Council and currently touring four provincial museums. Together, they are designed as "an introduction to looking closely at pictures, and as a reminder of the way artists determine the way we look". And to this end, the organizer, in this case Norbert Lynton, has written a twenty-two-page, fully illustrated introduction and four free leaflets "to provide outlines of the stories where they may help, and to draw attention to the way stories can be condensed into a single image. The painters thought hard about what they were doing. To connect with what they did will demand our attention and time." Lynton argues that we should "probe into" the content of a narrative painting in a way much more familiar in studies of literature than of art. And he adds: "The manner or style of the presentation becomes . . . part of the content." It seems an excellent project.

But, to my mind it comes badly unstuck, and the reason is, I think, the selection of paintings. There are twenty-six works, all from British collections, mainly municipal. British painters predominate, being responsible for eighteen works, of which thirteen are twentieth-cen-

tury, seven by contemporaries. Of the eight "Old Masters", only two are of real distinction. Nevertheless, the selection has its interests. There is a Crucifixion attributed to Ysenbrandt, from Lincoln, and a splendid, though badly damaged, "Susanna and the Elders" attributed to Artemisia Gentileschi, from Nottingham Castle. But even so, "The Centurion of Capernaum", from the Royal Pavilion Art Gallery, Brighton, is perhaps a century "after Veronese", I would guess; Luca Giordano's "Hercules and Omphale" (also from Brighton) is typically trite, while Paolo de Mattei's "The Choice of Hercules" from Leeds is comically bad. To probe into the content of the majority of these works is like probing into the content not of Shakespeare or Jane Austen but of Mrs Radcliffe or Ian Fleming. But only once, when he describes Edward Armitage's "Christ Calling the Apostles" of 1869 as pre-echoing "the cinema in its negative aspects", does Lynton imply that his selection includes any mediocrities.

This lack of discrimination most striking in Lynton's introductory comparison between what he calls "A Story and an Emblem". The "story" is told in Louis Gaultier's "Pygmalion and Galathea" of 1797, from Manchester City Art Galleries: how the sculptor's ivory woman is given life by the goddess Venus. But though Professor Lynton discusses the painting in detail, and notes, apropos of style, "We shall notice again and again how this in itself affects our response", he never even hints that Gaultier's painting is ludicrously silly – from the unbelievable flush that seeps through the sta-



"George Wishart on his Way to Execution Administering the Sacrament for the First Time in Scotland after the Protestant Form", 1845, by James Drummond (1816-77), one of the paintings in the exhibition reviewed here.

ture's badly modelled ivory torso to the eight fingers and two thumbs the pop-eyed sculptor stiffly erects in his amazed delight. Before this painting can anyone write without irony that "the story of Pygmalion is a story about the power of art to create something better than the world itself can show us"?

Professor Lynton compares the Gaultier with "another French picture, painted with oil paints on canvas, and in a not wholly dissimilar manner, dear and careful". But this is the outstanding work in the exhibition, "St Veronica's

Veil" by Philippe de Champaigne (1602-74), also from Brighton. Its *troupe à l'oeil* image of the thorn-crowned, bleeding, weeping countenance of Christ, revealed beyond a drawn-back curtain and hovering against a white napkin, is indeed, as Professor Lynton says: "one of the finest ever done on this theme". If it were less brilliant it would have a historical interest at least, but painted as it is with virtuosity, it is awesome; manifestly one of those images by which great artists have helped to determine how we believe.

Fleet Street formulas

David Nokes

Scoop
LWT

Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* is subtitled "A Novel about Journalists". It is in fact about much more than this, but Waugh's subtitle gives William Boyd the key for a screenplay in which he presents the foreign press corps in Ismaelia rather like a group of over-grown adolescents on a glorious school trip abroad. This film version of *Scoop*, directed by Gavin Millar, is full of imitations and echoes, showing the fatigued press boys sometimes as rueful victims in a *Carry On* comedy, sometimes as costumed extras in a pastiche *Roldars of the Lost Ark*. Mostly they spend their time mooching round their airless hotel lobby, sulking about the rotten swot Hitchcock boarding all the hard news. *Casablanca* too lends some images and associations: mysterious conversations in dimly lit rooms give Waugh's satire of Fleet Street formulas the borrowed romance of a spoof political thriller.

Boyd and Millar have worked hard to give dramatic form to a novel composed entirely of dialogue by tribal codes that immediately identify him as a madman, alcoholic and potential rapist. Salter's own linguistic skills make sense of his between Ludgate Circus and St Clement Danes, his "Up to a point, Lord Copper" being the Fleet Street equivalent of Whitehall's "Yes, Minister". From the overblown roman-

cism of "Lush Places" to the telegraphic gibberish which Orwell expounded into Newpeak, Waugh's kaleidoscope of verbal styles makes language the essential comic ingredient in the novel's clash of characters and cultures.

The film endeavours to establish cinematic analogies for Boyd's tour of Babel with an allusive visual style and locations which range between lavishness and caricature. There is the mock-Wagnerian décor of Julia Sticht's Mayfair residence with its gloomy staircase, chandeliers and statues; the soft-focus magazine-girl poses of the beautiful Kätchen (Renée Soutendijk); the Hogarthian still-life of Boot Magna. But inevitably the film transforms much of Waugh's verbal wit into situation comedy. Comparisons with the readings from *Scoop* in *Aren't's* Waugh Trilogy last week confirm the difficulty of making a comic adventure story out of this journalistic satire. William Deedes, reading Lord Copper's advice to Boyd to "take some cleft sticks with you", was able to exploit Waugh's narrative pauses and parentheses. Donald Pleasence, in the same role, is forced to attempt a mime of Waugh's careful phrasing by waving his cigar in absent-minded reverie. Like Lord Copper, the film also seems to have got hold of the wrong Boot. Michael Maloney, dark-eyed and handsome, is more canny than gum-boot, and seems far more at ease in pilot helmet and tropical suit than splashing after the questing vole in his muddy tweeds. His countryman garb and mock-innocent expression are like an assumed disguise, concealing the adventure-book hero beneath. Michael Hordern as Uncle Theodore is effortlessly comic, though perhaps leuding the old reprobate rather too much of his own customary benignity. Other accomplished cameo performances by Nicola Pagett as Julia Sticht and by Herbert Lom as the mysterious Baldwin reinforce the film's episodic quality.

Though losing some of Waugh's satiric edge, Gavin Millar turns this film version of *Scoop* into an engagingly allusive picaresque. Without allowing caricature to degenerate into stereotype, or coincidence to decline into cliché, it takes us on a comic tour of strange tribal practices from the social world of Mayfair hostesses to the loneliness of Lush Places and the wilderness of Laku.

Andrew Hislop

Pick Up Your Ears
Various cinemas
JOHN LAHR
Mary of Somebody
Kings Head Theatre

"He did anything to make himself appear bigger", said a RADAR contemporary of the high-shouldered, shoulder-padded Kenneth Halliwell. Premotively bald, clammy with nerves, Halliwell failed as an actor, a writer, an artist – as a lover. He only finally made it big by killing Joe Orton – the man whom he had cherished, moulded, educated and lived with for fifteen years – and then taking his own life.

Two current productions about Orton, one cinematic, one theatrical, give us Halliwell's very different sizes. Stephen Frears's hilarious yet sad film, *Pick Up Your Ears*, with a screenplay by Alan Bennett based on John Laehr's celebrated biography of Orton, has the massive presence of Alfred Molina towering over Gary Oldman's brilliantly realized but diminished Orton and stealing the show with the power of his performance. *Diary of Somebody*, Laehr's adaptation for the theatre of the diaries Orton wrote in the last year of his life, gives us a demure, shrew-like Halliwell in the slight, pointed frame of Ian Bartholomew.

Orton is played by the taller, much more muscular Oliver Parker. In contrast to the quietly cocky nuances of Oldman's subtle imitations of Orton's changing accent, he adopts a louder, more energetic pose, at times almost pompously jolly – a touch of the laughing policeman in the acidly funny cottager.

The difference in the sizes of the Halliwell is appropriate. Orton's diaries, written under Halliwell's nose, belittled and excluded him – by ignoring his role in Orton's success as writer, by detailing Orton's innumerable sexual encounters with other men while recording his inability to copulate fully with Halliwell, and by being a text over which Halliwell had no authority. Despite some counterpointing, *Diary of Somebody* necessarily places Halliwell on the stage on Orton's terms.

Pick Up Your Ears, however, is a work of inclusion. In its sympathy for the pathetic Halliwell, but also in its portrayal of the collaboration in his own creation – albeit in part, it seems, in a joke. (Bennett himself was a collaborator in an earlier version of the script.)

Alan Bennett's screenplay for Stephen Frears's film, *Pick Up Your Ears*, has recently been published (75pp. Faber. Paperback, £3.95. 0 571 14752 6).

The summer literary season of Independent Arts – formerly the Croydon Arts Centre – includes lectures by Victoria Glendinning on Rebecca West (May 5), Margaret Drabble on her new novel, *The Radiant Way* (May 12) and John Russell Taylor on "Biography in the Cinema". Further details from the Arts Centre, Hipkney, 98 High Street, Croydon.

John Nash

Drella's idols

Philip Core

PATRICK S. SMITH
Andy Warhol's Art and Films
613pp. UMI Research Press. £54.
08357 1733 X

"You do the same thing every time. You do it over and over again." In a 1963 interview Andy Warhol offered (or, more accurately, agreed to) this definition of Pop Art. While the application of such a remark to his own early multiple images is obvious, its relevance to his earlier work is less well known. Patrick Smith's *Andy Warhol's Art and Films*, in a style as tedious and inept as any of Warhol's casual screenings, fills this gap with valuable documentation. Also in the Warhol manner, it is based on interviews, and they are fascinating.

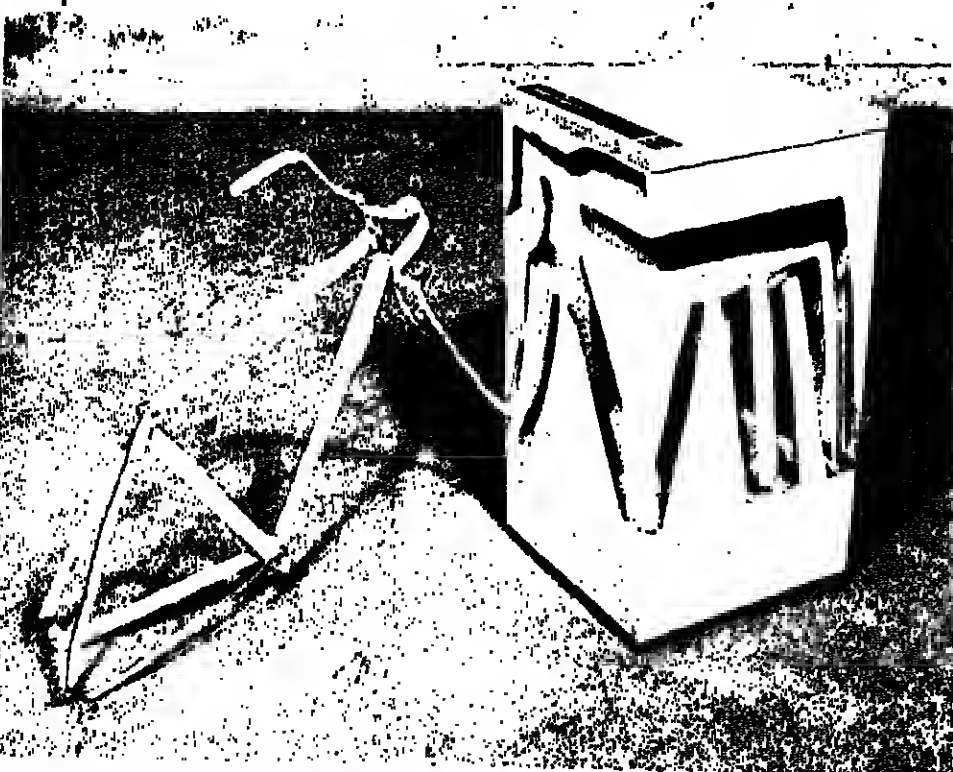
We all know that Warhol's international fame was of much longer duration than the celebrated fifteen minutes he allotted to "everybody". What comes as a surprise is how famous he was before his fifteen or twenty years of Pop stardom. Like some deliberate Cinderella (indeed his entourage called him "Drella", combining the rags-to-riches heroine with blood-sucking Dracula), Warhol woke up one day, after the opening of his exhibition at the Stable Gallery in 1963, with a changed point of view and limitless notoriety. Smith's book outlines the origins, mechanism and results of this wand-waving, incidentally underlining the remarkable continuity in a life many people must have seen as unhinged and fragmented. It becomes clear, if we can wade through the art-historical jargon of the text, that Warhol, to use his own words on drag-queens, performed "a documentary service, [consecrated] to keeping the glittering alternative alive and available for [not too close] inspection."

In David Bailey's suppressed television documentary, *Andy Warhol*, there is an invaluable if brief interview with the artist's mother. She refers to her son "dressing up as a girl" and being "beaten up bad". Rather in the same way that such a story shows how continuous Warhol's interest in transvestism was, Smith's study of his early efforts as a fashion illustrator illuminates Warhol's better-known artistic interests. Discussions with some of Warhol's cronies from the 1950s – such as Charles Lisanby, a former assistant to Cecil Beaton – bring out fascinating details about technical processes which predate Pop art. Warhol was clearly preoccupied from the beginning with techniques which removed the artist's handwriting. His shoe advertisements for New York's chic I. Miller may have looked slightly fey, dotted line drawings; they were, in fact, blotted copies of drawings done originally on glass-plates – essentially monotypes, often blotted by assistants. By the use of his blotting technique Warhol achieved a "look" resembling Ben Shahn's or even Steinberg's illustrations; this was right in line with 1950s fashions and proved very successful with magazine editors and department store design executives. Such a technique attaches a new significance to Warhol's famous remark "I like boring things". Surely he meant, in part, that he preferred the appa-

rent lack of evidence of technique that is striking in much great art – the smoothness and polish that are especially attractive to Americans, who are bred on over-restored paintings and colour reproductions. From the monotony to the multiple was not such a big step; Warhol's reasons for taking it are what remain interesting.

Here the concept of glamour, glamour at any price, for any reason is paramount. Another constant in Warhol's attitude seems to have been his preoccupation with stars. From his relentless pursuit of Truman Capote to his photographed imitation of Garbo, he revealed a desire both to know and to become an idol. The camp defensiveness of this stance is evident in Warhol's drawings and projects from the 1950s: boys' profiles in the manner of Cocteau (whom he claimed, surely untruthfully, to

how much Warhol learned from him about collecting and art techniques. This same pattern – using a badly paid helper who is also a hotline to current trends – was an often-disparaged element in the "Factory" system when Warhol became the famous Pop producer. His films also refer to earlier involvements with the theatre, and his use of assistants to produce theatrical store-window displays at Bouwitt Teller and Tiffany and Company. It is instructive, however, to notice what a fine art "look" Warhol was achieving with all these cold-hearted business processes; his drawings and displays were elegant, figurative, drawn in style, during a period when fine art itself was usually abstract, gratuitous and crude. The decision – taken for reasons of glamour again – to turn into a "real" artist did not, for Warhol, involve a change in his way of life, only a



Bill Woodrow's "Spin Dryer with Bicycle Frame Including Handbars", 1981, is reproduced from *A Quiet Revolution*: British sculpture since 1965 edited by Terry A. Neff (188pp. Thames and Hudson. £17.95. 0500 23480 9).

have met "a couple of times in the 'fifties"; little volumes of hand-coloured prints of cats or shoes issued like *éditions de luxe* from the 1890s; rubber-stamped repeat-pattern wrapping papers imitating the hand-blocked folk-art prints then popular; collections of Tiffany lamps and art-nouveau jewellery. Were these not also "boring things" (boring, that is, by the standards of modernist taste, which dismissed them as hideous, trivial and decadent)? Warhol was, even before his soup-cans, avant-garde in his taste as much as his technique, predicting the wave of nostalgia and stylistic excess which would mark the 1960s. In this context, it is his entrepreneurial expertise which emerges with the greatest originality.

Warhol used assistants throughout the 1950s in order to maintain a steadily increasing output of commercial art. Nathan Gluck, interviewed in this book, explains how he was paid to copy and sometimes originate drawings, and

Changing faces

Lynne Cooke

TONY GODFREY
The New Image: Painting in the 1980s
159pp. Oxford: Phaidon. £19.95.
07148 2403 8

The New Spirit in Painting, an international survey exhibition held at the Royal Academy in London in 1981, signalled the move away from New York as the single dominant centre for advanced Western art; it marked the resurrection or reappraisal of the work of a number of older artists who could be regarded as precursors of the new trend – Picasso, Francis Bacon, Balthus and Philip Guston; it placed British painters like Frank Auerbach, Lucian Freud and Howard Hodgkin in an international context; and it indicated that the youngest generation of artists almost everywhere was turning away from conceptual, performance and installation-based work in favour of painting, and painting that was generally figurative in character, subjective in vision and, often, expressionist in style. Subsequently, most Western countries have fielded teams in this international tournament, the national variants becoming known under such names as the Transavantgarde, the Neue Wilden, the Aesthetica.

But what initially appeared to be a spontaneous resurgence proved on closer inspection to be more complicated and heterogeneous: in Germany, for example, Georg Baselitz and Marcus Lipert had been working in this vein for some twenty years, largely unknown outside their native shores, while for certain slightly older artists like Gerhard Richter and Sigmar Polke the issues of figuration and abstraction were subordinated to broader conceptual questions; if, in the United States,

change of public.

Contrary to what many people may think Warhol did not force himself on the world; he altered, and was ready for someone to alter his taste, his stance, his outsider's point of view. The man who shocked with *Flowers and Chaises* in the 1960s was well known for his "Cock Drawings" (portrait life-studies) as early as 1951. The obsessive polaroid reader of first-nights and dishevelled faces of celebrities wrote Truman Capote a fan letter on July 14, 1949. And so on; the point being that Warhol realized, in 1962, that his Pop image and his perverse taste were what the art world needed. He dropped his commercial career and relentlessly pursued attention from galleries and finally managed a show at New York's ultra-fashionable Stieglitz Gallery. The rest is history, and to keep it that way Warhol pressed his previous life as much as possible, losing his friends from that period, and probably destroying the paintings he had done.

What is clear from looking at Warhol's art and work as a linear progression, as Smith ponderous book does, is that he was not an artist as he could ever have wished to be. Forced by his poor immigrant background to enter the art world through a long apprenticeship in the commercial field, he never less maintained intact all his own attitudes. When he felt secure enough to demand recognition for his originality, Warhol was armed with the ingenuity to achieve success: such a struggle was narcissistic, lonely and perverse – and if the art it produced was also deceptive, and eclectic – it was nevertheless a piece, endowed with that secret completeness which informs the life and work of Picasso, Ingres, or Watteau alike. The motives behind Warhol's obsession with the idols of the marketplace are suggested in a curious statement quoted in Smith's book: "Harper's Bazaar gave me a picture of Marlon Brando. Would you like to see it?" And I said, "Yes, Andy, yeah" . . . and he went into his pants and he had it in there, and he showed it to me. Then he put it back in. And he was walking around New York with Brando's there." Idolatry is perhaps the essence of figurative art, and Warhol brought new life to the idol-making of our century.

certain kinds of painting from the 1970s such as Dekor or Pattern Painting had little bearing on the next decade, a number of younger painters like David Salle and Robert Longo have shown affiliations with such artists as Cindy Sherman and Jenny Holzer (who use photography and electronic message machines respectively than with fellow painters. But, most importantly, since only a fraction of the so-called painting addresses itself to the central issues of post-modernism or to the legacy of conceptualism, it has increasingly come under attack as retrogressive and revisionist.

Tony Godfrey's *The New Image* is the first book in English to ask "in what way and to what extent painting has actually been reinvented" in the 1980s. Since the terrain has been so extensively surveyed, Godfrey faces the problem of drawing omnial boundaries around the subject prior to mapping it. His decision to divide the material by country, the discrete chapters providing a clear structure, which the panoply of artists can be fitted. The result is an inclusive anthology which focuses on a large number of painters, the work of each of whom is illustrated, mostly in colour, as well as black-and-white. The limitations imposed by both the structure and the desire for inclusiveness mean that there is little opportunity to broach deeper theoretical and substantive questions, to attempt to locate the phenomenon historically, or to tease out the subtle and often complex connections that link one generation to the next, or one country to another. Art in the 1980s has gained a new life and an ever-growing popular audience; painters like Baselitz, Julian Schnabel and Francis Clemente have become superstars, and their peers in the music and film worlds. Godfrey provides a lucidly written, needed introduction, one which by no means glosses over the issues of style, technique, and "glamour" in favour of a balanced appraisal.

Breaking the Freudian mould

David Ingleby

PHYLLIS GROSSKURTH
Melanie Klein: Her world and her work
515pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £19.95.
0340 23532 2

After Freud himself, Melanie Klein was the single most influential figure in the British psychoanalytic movement. This much would be agreed upon by her supporters and detractors alike; but that is as far as the agreement goes. For the former, she was a brilliant analyst and a profound thinker, boldly enterprising in her work, and infinitely stoical in the face of misunderstanding – in short, the only analyst of stature comparable to Freud's, and worthy to be considered as his successor. For her opponents, she was an arrogant trouble-maker, a mixed-up person whose personal relationships as in her theories, who for years sowed division among the ranks of English analysts.

Clearly, therefore, Klein is a difficult person to get into perspective. Phyllis Grosskurth is by no means neutral when it comes to her importance as an analyst – indeed, she regards her as one of the great women of this century; but she has gone to great lengths to avoid either idealizing or caricaturing her subject. "Melanie Klein was the stuff of which myths are made", she begins, and then sets out to demythologize her.

She provides a portrait not only of Klein herself, but also of the social context which forms the backdrop to her life. And she also attempts an evaluation of Klein's innovations in the field of psychoanalysis. It would obviously be hard to assess the charge of "arrogance" without trying to judge the scientific and therapeutic value of her work, and the book's implicit claim is that theory and life are so closely entwined in the case of Klein, that neither can be properly appreciated except in relation to the other. The result of Grosskurth's labours is a monumental work in the literal sense; a book meant to serve as a monument to Klein, alongside the legacy of Kleinian analysis itself.

Klein herself worked for seven years on an autobiography, which she never completed. Under Grosskurth's interrogation, even this turns out to be not entirely free from myth. For whatever reasons – forgetfulness, snobbery, or a desire to protect others – it is frequently misleading: for example Klein managed to make her family origins sound much less ordinary than they really were – and in doing so, minimized her own achievement in carving out such a distinguished career. Grosskurth documents a formidable array of obstacles against which she had to struggle to realize her ambitions. She was a woman, and a Jew; moreover, her family – caught up in the political instability of central Europe – could not be described as a happy one. "It was a family", writes Grosskurth, "riddled with guilt, envy and occasionally explosive rages, and infused with strong incestuous overtones." Yet though it provided little support and security to Klein in the pursuit of her career, it gave her a kind of inspiration.

Indeed, for someone who was to become one of the world's experts on the subtle forms of human nastiness, there could hardly have been a better household to grow up in. Her mother, Libussa, came across as a prying, scheming, emotional blackmail, who passed on her skills in the latter department to her son Emanuel. Emanuel's early death through "diarrhoea, malnutrition, alcohol, drugs, poverty, and a will to self-destruction" was a source not only of grief to Melanie, but also of guilt – for she had just "betrayed" him by becoming engaged. Indeed, guilt seems to have been one commodity the family possessed in abundance.

One cannot help wondering, though, if Grosskurth does not dwell a little too much on its properties. The fact that guilt, envy and manipulation were so evident in Klein's early environment makes it all the more intelligible that her theories should devote so much attention to them; but this intelligibility is achieved at the price of implicitly devaluing the theories Klein herself, in her autobiography, did not describe her family as a particularly "oedipal" one. Perhaps because her analytic practice had been something about the skeletons that lay in everyone's cupboard, Klein was able to

It comes as no surprise to learn that she married somewhat early – in 1903, at the age of twenty-one – and also somewhat disastrously. She was "blessed" with three children, two of whom were to become, however, sources of grief: the oldest, Melitta, as a vitriolic opponent of her mother in professional circles; and the middle child, Hans, because he fell off the edge of a mountain. The couple were separated in 1919 and divorced around 1926.

By this time, Klein had already taken steps to get herself trained as a psychoanalyst. In 1916, while living in Budapest, she entered analysis with Sándor Ferenczi, and found at last something that would satisfy her "emotionally and intellectually". She went to work as a child analyst. In 1921 she moved to Berlin, and established a successful practice, in which she developed her distinctive technique of "play analysis".

The reception accorded to Klein's ideas by the members of the Berlin Psychoanalytic Society, however, was less than enthusiastic. Unlike most child analysts, she had few inhibitions about probing into the unconscious at an early age; indeed, she subjected all her own children to analysis, and kept them under constant surveillance. Her theoretical innovations were also too bold for the Berlin Society. British analysts, however – and in particular, the leader of the British movement, Ernest Jones – were impressed, and in 1926 Klein accepted Jones's invitation to join the London Society and psychoanalyse his wife and two children.

Klein was already controversial in 1926 because she did not believe it was necessary to beat about the bush with children; she found they could cope with, and benefit from, the most disturbing interpretations. Already this was a heretical departure from the line propagated by Freud and his daughter Anna in the Vienna Society. In his theory of the stages of emotional development in children, Freud posited that adults do not become significant figures to the child, except as a source of food and material protection, until the Oedipal period (around the age of four to six). Before that the infantile psyche was simply not capable of entering into complex, phantasy-laden relationships. Remaining strictly loyal to her father's theories, Anna Freud did not seek in her work with children to open up the Pandora's box of the unconscious, but simply to provide "pedagogical" support for the growing ego in coping with anxieties and conflicts. This implied strengthening the child's defences, rather than – as Klein proposed – breaking them down. In the strict Freudian view, it was not even possible to conduct deep analysis with children, because the necessary "transference" to the analyst could not be achieved: the child was still involved with its first emotional objects, the parents.

For Klein, however, the first "objects" were not the parents as such, but primitive, phantasmagorical figures which served as the basis for the infant's intense love and hatred. These she later termed "the good and bad breast". Some time towards the end of the first year of life, the child becomes aware that these objects are united in a single person – the caretaker. But it is in relationship to "internal objects", not real people, that the often terrifying dreams which occupy the young child's phantasy are played out. Since the first relationship is with these objects, it can just as easily be "transferred" to an analyst as to a parent. Curiously, neither the Freuds nor Klein stopped to consider the fearsome emotional

tangles that must arise when analyst and parent are the same person. Analysis in those days thought nothing of analysing their own children.

Klein obviously represented a considerable threat to the orthodox Freudian viewpoint – which father and daughter, each deeply committed to the other, refused to alter. Thus, as Klein's influence in London grew, the London and Vienna societies drifted further and further apart. So long as the two groups remained separated by hundreds of miles, the consequences of the split were not too serious, but when Hitler's invasion of Austria forced the Freuds to move to London all hell broke loose.

It is hard to know where the truth lies in the debate between Klein and the Freuds. If contemporary studies of child development can be said to lend support to either school – which is itself a controversial question – then the Freudian view comes off considerably worse. Certainly, a lot more happens in the child's emotional and social life during the first years than Freudians suppose to be possible. (Consider, for example, the remarkable studies by Trevarthen and the Proulxes of the baby's communicative eloquence from the moment of birth.) But Klein's theories go further, into realms where experimental work can hardly follow her.

It would not be too much of an oversimplification to say that whereas Freud shocked the world by discovering sexuality in the supposedly innocent years of childhood, Klein shocked even Freud by discovering madness there. For Freud, everybody went through a "normal neurosis" at the time of the Oedipal conflict, occasioned by jealousy and forbidden desire. Klein went much further: she posited a "normal psychosis", which inevitably accompanied the infant's relation to the caretaker. In the first year of life, the infant is trapped in a "paranoid-schizoid position", in which projections, introjections, and "splitting" constantly overpower the rudimentary ego's capacity for a coherent perception of self and others. These primitive phantasies form a permanent layer of madness, permeating our experience of everything.

Klein thus brought psychoanalytic methods to bear on the very genesis of the self, and was important in opening up a whole line of work dealing with "psychotic" or "borderline" disturbances, in which the whole integrity of the person seems affected. In this way, she saw herself as continuing Freud's own work, and as his natural successor: time and again she expressed her disappointment and bewilderment that Freud and his supposed admirers felt differently. A true Freudian, she argued, would not treat psychoanalytic theory as a static corpus in the way that Anna had done, but – like the master – would constantly revise, question and explore.

She had another reason for feeling hurt by Freud's rejection of her work: when Freud had posited the "Death Instinct" in 1921, and had gone over to a wholly sombre vision of human nature, she was one of the few analysts who had embraced this concept wholeheartedly. According to Klein, the true threat – that which lay at the root of all our anxiety and paranoia – was our own destructive impulses. Even if the "other" did its best to be lovable, she argued, we would still hate it – out of envy (indeed, even more so, because it is not easy to love people who are too wonderful). Discontent was endemic to the human condition. It is easy to see how D. W. Winnicott was later able

to attack Klein for minimizing the importance of the child's environment – but in truth, she was well aware that destructive feelings could be better handled within some kinds of relationship than others. (Why else, after all, would one bother to go to an analyst?)

Thanks chiefly to the continuing support of Ernest Jones, Klein's work prospered in England, although many members of the British Society had misgivings about it. Skirmishes with Vienna were conducted at a distance, and Klein did not come off at all badly from these – even with Freud himself as an opponent. At home, however, a sinister alliance formed itself against her, in the form of her daughter Melitta and Edward Glover, the latter's analyst, who was later to become very powerful. From 1933 on, these two conducted a relentless campaign against Klein, which even some of her opponents found embarrassing in its excesses.

Concerned about the rift he had unwittingly encouraged, Jones set up in 1935 a series of Exchange Lectures between the London and Vienna Societies; but even this failed to achieve a reconciliation. Thanks to Hitler, matters were shortly to become even worse. Members of the Vienna Society started to take refuge in London: "this", lamented Klein, "is a disaster". Many of the Viennese analysts went on to America, but Freud himself – and Anna – stayed in London. It was as if the Pope himself had come to the court of Henry VIII to attend his retirement. That Freud died shortly afterwards did not help matters much, because the warfare that broke out in the British Psychoanalytic Society was only matched in its intensity by the confrontation going on all around. Jones retired to the country, and left the Society in the hands of Edward Glover. The Extraordinary Meetings of 1942, and the Controversial Discussions of 1942–4, were all attempts to solve the crisis amicably; but a solution only came in 1946, when a sort of apartheid was set up, with three groups – Kleinian, Freudian and Independent. That all this was going on in the midst of a world war is one of the piquant ironies of the story Grosskurth tells. (The irony is even more intense when we consider that the nature of human aggression was the main bone of contention!)

Psychoanalysis in Britain has lived with this tripartite division ever since, although nowadays fewer analysts are inclined to label themselves as "strict" Kleinians or Freudians. Nevertheless, Klein's influence remains enormous. This is all the more remarkable, considering how difficult her ideas are and how ideologically they were set down as theory. (Grosskurth considers that the complexity of Klein's writing is a necessary reflection of the reality they attempted to deal with, but one could easily argue that the more confused the reality, the more clarity is demanded in its exposition.)

Klein died in 1960, unreconciled with either Anna Freud or Melitta, but secure in her reputation – indeed, by all accounts, somewhat regal in her manner. Towards the end, the detail in this biography becomes richer, as the author draws increasingly on first-hand sources. Because Grosskurth provides a detailed and thorough analysis of Klein's ideas, the book will be required reading for students of psychology or would-be analysts. The weakest moments are when the author tries a little too self-consciously to emulate Klein's own method of analysis. Of course the temptation to apply Kleinian analysis to Klein is enormous, but the practical obstacle to doing so is that psychoanalysis is a dynamic process that requires a live subject. Applied to the rich texture of a person's lived experience it is one thing; applied to their letters, articles, and activities reported at second hand, it is quite another. The frequent comments about what Klein was "probably" feeling, or the defence mechanisms she was manifesting, also have a quality of obtrusiveness which suggests that the ghost of Libussa is hovering here as well. Even this, however, fails to detract from a biography that is fascinating, profound, and in every respect worthy of its subject.

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History and understanding

George Steiner

ARNALDO MOMIGLIANO
Tra storia e storiismo
204pp. Pisa: Nistri-Lischi. £25.00.
ALEXIS PHILONENKO
La Théorie kantienne de l'histoire
253pp. Paris: Vrin. 150fr.
271609170

With two exceptions, the papers gathered in this latest collection by Arnaldo Momigliano were first delivered and/or published in English. Their translation into Italian and their inclusion under one cover make for an impressive whole. Students of Momigliano will recognize the themes which have characterized his formidable scholarship and gift of intellectual debate. Broadly considered, these are essays in historiography and the history of ideas. Fundamentally, they constitute, even at their more technical reach, an incessant re-examination of the idea of history. Momigliano's abiding concern is the relations between "history" and "historiography", between that which may, by careful epistemological discrimination, be regarded as the cumulative reality of past experience, and the diverse methods, narrative styles, ideological strategies whereby this postulate of existential fact is preserved, narrated and interpreted. Few inquirers since Michelet and since Kierkegaard have meditated with comparable intensity on the equivocal pastness of the past tense, as that tense organizes, makes possible historicity.

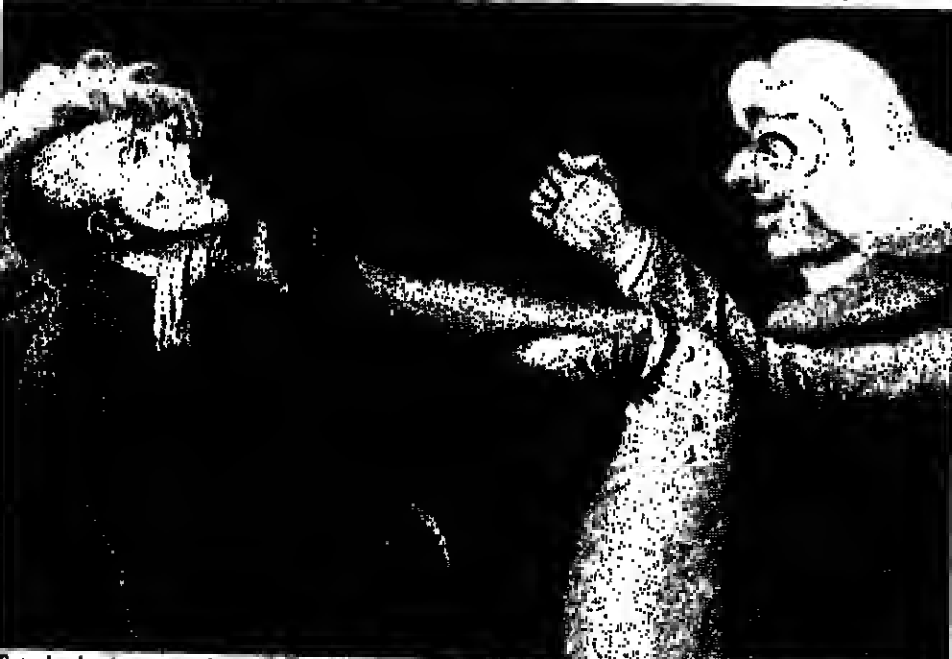
It is a related sequence of essays on nineteenth-century classicists which makes up the core of this book. Momigliano reconsiders the contribution to ancient history and to classical philology of such scholars as Niebuhr, Mommsen, Usener, Droysen and Hermann. He argues the reciprocities and differences between such analysts of ancient religion as Wellhausen, Wilmowitz and Schwarz. A particularly incisive reading of Max Weber seeks to elicit the close ties between the positivism of nineteenth-century economic and institutional history, particularly of Rome, on the one hand, and the nascent tactics of modern sociology on the other. In turn, the strikingly sympathetic portrayal of Karl Otfried Müller is, itself, a prolegomenon to a wider understanding of the development of our own concepts of myth.

It would be almost fatuous to comment on the magisterial authority and clarity of Momigliano's treatment or on the sheer compass of linguistic, historical and philosophic material which he draws on. What is fascinating, notably for the general reader, is the constant, often brilliantly revealing, correlations which he proposes between specialized issues in historiography and the political, ideological context, both at the time and now. To Momigliano the bones of history are never dry.

Thus the discussion of Niebuhr's and Mommsen's views on Roman agrarian law is set squarely within the ideological legacy of the French Revolution. We cannot follow the intricate debate on the primitive land-divisions to Roman territories without bearing in mind the proto-communist theories of Babeuf and the resolute counter-attack of those conservative historians who would deny the precedent of antiquity in the more extreme claims of French radicalism. Fustel de Coulanges's famous interpretation of the *citè antique* must be seen in the sharp light of the bourgeois intelligentsia's eagerness to defend the rights of private property after the alarms of the Commune. The sketches of Usener and Droysen, of Bernays and of Dilthey, lead from a consideration of the historiography of the relations between Hellenism and Judaism in the ancient Mediterranean to one of antisemitism in the German university establishment of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. There are here premonitory tremors, as it were, of Momigliano's polemic against Dumézil. Who but Momigliano would point to Gershom Scholem's indebtedness to Usener's work on the language of myths and support this attribution by reminding us of a citation of Usener in Walter Benjamin?

As the tide of post-structuralism and of deconstruction ebbs (rapidly) in France, the work, the presence of Alexis Philonenko looms ever more prominent. His interpreta-

tions of Fichte, of Kant, of Schopenhauer are now seen as seminal in their rigor and originality. His three-volume study of Rousseau as a thinker *du malheur*, as a philosopher-artist who deliberately paints himself into a corner of disenchanted solitude, will itself become the starting-point of far-reaching revaluations. Philonenko is a reader of philosophic texts of a rare stringency. He belongs to that tradition of scruple, of philological and of grammatical responsibility in the face of Greek, of German and of French discourse that lie wholly outside the wilful juggleries and technical *insouciance* of the deconstructive. More originally, Philonenko is, like Bergson, a trained mathematician. He approaches the sinews of logical and metaphysical postulates and propositions via the ideal of mathematical axioms and demonstrations. His intimacy with Descartes and with Spinoza is one of natural affinity. What is novel, and sometimes disconcerting, is Philonenko's insistence, both in the work on Rousseau and in his recent *Oeuvre de Fichte*, on the importance of mathematical ideals and procedures in the Enlightenment (itself, very precisely, heir to the mathematical tenor in Leibniz). The role of calculus in Rousseau's sceptical eudemonism had escaped previous commentators. What can, to the untrained eye, seem tautologies in Fichte's model of the self, is, in Philonenko's reading, shown to be a strict algebra.



Popular density: one of John Collier's oil paintings related to engravings for his *Human Passions Deified* (1772-3). It is reproduced from *English Nave Painting 1750-1900* by James Ayres (168pp, with 48 colour and 103 black-and-white illustrations. Thames and Hudson. Paperback, £6.95. 0 500 27459 2).

A philosopher for our time

Stuart Brown

BENSON MATES
The Philosophy of Leibniz: Metaphysics and language
271pp. Oxford University Press. £27.50.
0 19 503694 4

Benson Mates is a distinguished philosopher in the analytic tradition who admires Leibniz, he tells us, because "he placed an especially high value on being clear about what we mean by what we say". He finds Leibniz's writings "full of interesting ideas and suggestions" and is attracted to his work not least because "many of the topics Leibniz discusses are right at the centre of present-day philosophical activity, so that his works are a mine of ideas that can be applied to issues now in the limelight". This serves to explain the special emphases of Mates's book, for instance why three of the fourteen chapters are on possible worlds and why logical topics are prominent.

Mates does not claim that Leibniz's logic and metaphysics can be separated. Yet a squeamishness towards metaphysics (particularly religious metaphysics) pervades this book. When he moves from exposition to critical assessment in his concluding remarks, Mates comes into the open: "The first thing that has to be acknowledged in a critique of Leibniz's metaphysics is that it shares the vulnerability of all metaphysics to the logical positivist's charge of Nonsense." It is not clear how dismissive this

La Théorie kantienne de l'histoire is a monograph of characteristic angularity and freshness. Received opinion does not often ascribe to Kant (in evident contrast to Schelling and Hegel) a theory of history. Proceeding from the anthropological texts of the 1780s to the major critiques, to the tract on universal peace, Philonenko finds otherwise. It is, in particular, Kant's "idea of a universal history from a cosmopolitical point of view" which underwrites Philonenko's tautly meshed exposition. At issue are Kant's successive attempts to bring into effective interplay and synthesis fundamental notions of human nature, of destiny and of intellect. It is the acutely problematic relations between the transcendent and the immanent, between eternity and temporality, between the categorical invariants of human understanding and the contingent flux of history, which engage Kant's often oblique yet central arguments on historicity. Philonenko elicits the logic and integrity of these arguments not only in terms of Kant's own writings – those cited being among the most concentrated, fragmentary and often neglected – but in terms of his constant implicit and explicit debate with Rousseau and that, overly polemic, with Herder and, at certain organic points, with the "Kant" of Fichte's and Schelling's exegesis.

Of notable depth and suggestion is Philonenko's analysis of the four perspectives in

which Kant conceives of a possible intersubjective history and of politics. There are seen as little more than sequential and, in essence, anecdotal: the eudemonic model, with its quotient of good and of evil, of fortune and of misfortune in human affairs; the terrorist or apocalyptic paradigm, in which desperate and catastrophic lead to more or less violent rebirth, in arcadia after fire. The fourth, which is Kant's own, is that of human progress. But in a very knotty and almost international sense. It implies the very gradual, perhaps asymptotic congruence between human history – in which certain great phenomenological moments are undeniable – and the prevalence of practical reason (in the rigorous sense of the *Critique*) in the individual, a threefold motion of spirit, at once individual and social, crowns Kant's vision. Existential and in terms of self-reflexivity, mankind is progressing (has the obligation and the capacity to progress) from nothingness to totality, to wholeness, from a "curved" state to one of ethical and intellectual straightness, and from the closed to the open conditions of mutual awareness (it is this last modulation which tails Kant's ideas of universal peace). This advance is not at all likely, but a probable doubt does not in itself either its logic or its rootedness in the potential and purpose of humanity. The analogies and differences with Rousseau and, by anticipation, with Hegel and Marx, the corollaries in Kant's theories on the origins of man and of language, form an absorbing background to Philonenko's exposition. Ubiquitous is a reflection on the French Revolution, without which even the more mal aspects of European philosophy would have been, over the past two centuries, inescapable.

To read Philonenko, and this is a demanding pleasure, is to experience an almost palpable sensation of thought in action. Here the interpretative explication is, time and again, on a level with its high object. It is also, for a student of the arts of translation, an absorbing example. There are moments in which Philonenko's Rousseau is strangely German, indeed the Rousseau whom we meet in Heidegger's hymn. There are moments also when the Kant of this inquiry is almost gallic. It is not only transcendence, in the metaphysical sense, that crosses borders. The thought of a translation into English of Philonenko's writings – the great Jean-Jacques Rousseau et la pensée du malheur of 1984 first and foremost – is intriguing.

nominalist. Mates is not the first to make this claim. Indeed, as he points out, Leibniz made it himself, at least by implication. In an early work in which he said that "nothing is truer than nominalism, though nominalism in this sense (as Mates realizes) consists in the doctrine that the only things that exist are individuals rather than in any specific theory of general names or ideas. Mates rightly dismisses Leibniz's position from the "supra-nominalism" of Hobbes, according to which truth depends on arbitrary definitions and, at least by implication, from the extreme nominalism of those who reject abstract ideas in Berkeley and Hume did.

More work needs to be done on the nature of Leibniz's commitment to nominalism, especially of a historical and biographical kind. It may be relevant, for instance, that his university (Leipzig) was a stronghold of nominalism and that attachment to nominalism was common among Lutheran intellectuals. But Mates keeps such considerations at arm's length, though he does lament the absence of a "reliable biography of this great man" and devotes "a relatively large amount of space" to an account of Leibniz's life as partial compensation. This chapter, however, though it contains novel details about some matters, such as why Leibniz did not marry, is doubly redundant. For not only is it irrelevant to the rest of Mates's book but, evidently unknown to Mates, a full and reliable biography (by Eric Auerbach) is already in press when he completed his work and "long overdue".

Between expansion and survival

Deepak Lal

D. K. FIELDHOUSE
Black Africa 1945-80: Economic decolonization and arrested development
260pp. Allen and Unwin. £25 (paperback, £9.95).
0 04 325018 1

D. K. Fieldhouse has written a balanced and comprehensive survey of the economic performance of Black Africa since the Second World War. Lurking in the background – and sometimes made explicit – is the continuing debate about the causes of and cures for African poverty between the Marxist-structuralist group of development economists and mainstream neo-classical economists.

Fieldhouse begins by asking whether decolonization in French and British Black Africa resulted from a calculation of the costs and benefits of their colonies to the metropolitan economies. He argues convincingly that there is little support for the Marxist thesis that imperialism was motivated by the economic profits derived by the metropole, whose erosion led to decolonization. In fact, Fieldhouse argues, "in the decade and a half after 1945 the unfulfilled dream of pre-war years that African colonies might become a support for the metropolitan economy had at last become a reality". Independence was granted, therefore, for political reasons – a complex mix involving public opinion, the increasing cost of controlling actual or incipient nationalism, and the potential burden on metropolitan taxpayers of financing the social and physical infrastructure that would increasingly be required to develop the colonies. The metropolitan powers hoped, however, that speedy decolonization would enable trade and financial relations to be maintained, yielding mutual advantage. The success stories did fairly well during the next decade and a half – until the mid-1970s – largely because their "traditional colonial" economies, integrated with the world economy, benefited from the exceptional and prolonged boom after the war. This belied the grim prognostications of the Marxists and structuralists, who argued that a "colonial" pattern of trade and production would not lead to economic growth in sub-Saharan Africa. Their argument, however, might seem to have been validated since the mid-1970s, when Africa entered a period of what Fieldhouse diplomatically terms "arrested development".

The left has maintained that political independence would not lead to economic independence unless the new states consciously sought to alter the economic structure they inherited, whose continuance would mean that the metropolitan powers still governed their destinies through a system of neo-imperial financial and commercial ties with indigenous ruling elites. However, this explanation for

sub-Saharan Africa's performance either before or after the mid-1970s is not persuasive. Fieldhouse rightly stresses that

it is, therefore, within the margins set by the international economy that one must judge Black Africa's performance. Yet it is precisely because this economy was more continuously favourable to growth in Third World countries between 1950 and 1975 than at any known previous period, and also because most African states did less well than countries in other parts of the Third World, that one has to turn to the alternative possible source of limited or "arrested" development, to the policies adopted by African States and the manner in which they were carried out.

He gives us the conventional list of policy failures – excessive import substitution; the



A detail from Alfred Elsenstedt's photograph of Ghanaians paddling cargoes of cocoa out to ships waiting offshore. It is reproduced from *Elsenstedt's Witness to Our Time*.

development of inefficient public enterprises and parastatals; the maintenance of over-valued exchange rates, and uncompetitive prices for farmers, which were used to transfer incomes to urban dwellers; rising fiscal deficits financed by foreign borrowing; and the failure to promote rural development. Fieldhouse believes, in my judgment too optimistically, that both left and right agree on this list, and that "there was almost no field – except the improved provision of public goods such as education and health services – in which government policies seem to have been based on a balanced appreciation of national needs".

His own explanation for these ubiquitous failures is the poor stock of (what is euphemistically labelled) "human capital" inherited by Black Africa at independence. In particular, he seems to accept the liberal view of the causes of African underdevelopment current in the 1940s. First, it was argued, as Africans were inexperienced in the arts of government, it would be a generation before they could "run nation-wide democratic electoral and party

systems and maintain an efficient and disinterested bureaucracy". Second, as S. H. Frankel and others had always insisted, Africa had a limited potential for economic development because of its climate, poor soils, plant and human diseases and limited human resources. On this view, "rapid development was impossible and . . . sustained growth must be built on slowly improving agricultural productivity". There is some validity in these accounts, but they do not explain the divergence in performance within sub-Saharan Africa documented in the series of case studies which forms Part Three of the book.

Fieldhouse also considers the role of corruption in explaining African policy failures, arguing that "the politics of survival forced all African politicians to consider their own interests and those of their supporters before all else . . . The underlying truth is that the key to political survival in any state during its early stages of development lies in maintaining a flow of resources sufficient to lubricate the political system . . . Deficit financing was thus essential to political survival as well as to economic expansion." This factor is not peculiar to Black Africa but was true of nineteenth-century white settler states in America and the Antipodes. Like Black Africa, "lacking an ideological basis for party support, [they] quickly learned to rely on the power of the purse" and relied on foreign borrowing to make up for the paucity of domestic savings. Black Africa's "main difference from these settler societies lay not in the morality of the politicians but in the use made of foreign borrowing". Whereas colonial borrowing led to the creation of the infrastructure essential for development, "in mid-twentieth-century Black Africa foreign loans seem largely to have disappeared into the sand and the inflow of funds resulted in inflation rather than the growth of productive capacity".

This seems to be the focal point of Fieldhouse's explanation of Black Africa's arrested development. But he fails to take the next step, by explaining why Black African politicians chose to invest whatever was left for investment after they had paid off their clients in ways which, rather than adding to, often detracted from the economy's productive potential. The answer must lie in the influence of ideas, but Fieldhouse has little to say about these. It is arguable that, given the dominant ideology of the time, public investment in nineteenth-century white settler colonies went largely to provide those public goods essential for development. By contrast, given the *étatiste* climate of economic opinion in the 1950s and 60s, public investment in today's Third World and particularly Black Africa has gone into all sorts of areas where there was little justification for any investment at all. Thus the policy failures common to sub-Saharan Africa arose from the application of influential ideas in the heterodox "development economics" of the

he draws attention to the importance of the credit and marketing system and dwells on the differences between the rice-growing east, the jute-processing west, and the landlord-dominated villages of the northern districts. Those economic and social distinctions are seen to be reflected in the diversity of political responses during the 1940s. Only in the north was there a deep rural cleavage along class lines, issuing in the anti-landlord Tebhaga movement of 1946-7. In the east the growth of the Muslim League and the demand for Pakistan gave religious form to what were in essence the economic aspirations of the Muslim masses, while in the west the depression had increased cultivators' dependence on landlords, thus precluding overt class conflict.

Despite the intrinsic complexity of the social and economic structures discussed, what emerges clearly and forcefully from this study is the depth and the scale of the agrarian crisis that was overtaking Bengal during the 1930s and early 1940s. Although the discussion of the politics of this kaleidoscopic period is less revealing than the account of agrarian structure that precedes it, Sugata Bose has produced a far-reaching and significant contribution to the growing literature on the troubled history of twentieth-century Bengal.

Roots of disaster

David Arnold

SUGATA BOSE
Agrarian Bengal: Economy, social structure and politics, 1919-1947
366pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.
0 521 30448 2

The famine of 1943, a catastrophe in which an estimated 3 million people perished, towers over the history of twentieth-century Bengal. For some economists and historians, as for many commentators at the time, the causes of this tragedy were to be found in the early years of the Second World War – in the cyclone of 1942 and the loss of Burmese rice, in the grain procurement and defence policies of the colonial administration, and, in Amartya Sen's celebrated thesis, in the breakdown of the customary grain "settlements" of the depressed rural poor. But for other writers, like Sugata Bose in this latest exploration of the travails of modern Bengal, these were only proximate and precipitating forces. The real origins of the crisis are seen to lie further back in the depression decade of the 1930s, when Bengal's rural economy was already cracking

1950s and 60s, advocating various forms of dirigisme, protectionism and forced industrialization. The relative hold of such dogma on the minds of politicians and policymakers explains the relative failure of particular states – for instance the contrasting performances of Kenya and Tanzania or the Ivory Coast and Senegal. At the same time the cost of implementing these ideas was concealed by the boom in primary products and in exports based on natural resources.

Fieldhouse seems at times to be in sympathy with *dirigisme*. Thus he ends his chapter on Ghana by endorsing one of the implicit assumptions which underlay Nkrumah's disastrous economic policies, when he concludes: "The underlying structural problems remain, and an unreconstructed peasantry is one of them." Surely, as Fieldhouse himself shows, whatever economic development there has been in Ghana is due to the unreconstructed peasantry, whereas its problems stem from the reconstructed bureaucracy and parastatals that were Nkrumah's legacy. Again, concluding his account of the "arrested development" that lies in part been created by Nyerere in Tanzania Fieldhouse writes that

so far as the failure of state public policy-making and execution is concerned, the current consensus seems to be that the main weakness lay in the ability and attitudes of the political and administrative class . . . Given such self-interested motives among those alone who could carry out public policy, it is not surprising that there was an unbridgeable gap between imaginative plans and sustained economic development.

But surely it is the "imaginative plans" themselves which were open to question, not just their implementation.

If the importance of ideas in explaining Africa's arrested development is recognized, then the apparent shift in recent years in economic theories and the policies based on them suggests that there are few reasons specific to Africa for its failures, and that with the right policies it can develop satisfactorily.

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The voice of the *shtetl*

S. S. Prawer

ISAAC BASHEVY SINGER
Stories for Children
338pp. Faber. £9.95.
0374372667

Isaac Bashevis Singer came late to children's literature – he was sixty-two when his first collection of children's stories was published; but his often-proclaimed literary principles favoured his success. Singer demands of himself tales with recognizable beginnings, middles and ends; with strong and universally recognizable themes; rooted in a tradition of story-telling and writing; giving as much weight to the imaginative life of the protagonists, their dreams, their superstitions and their religious insights or adumbrations, as to the everyday life which he so lovingly and realistically depicts. In novel after novel, story after story, he has shown strong tap-roots into his own childhood. Add to this the powerful fascination that the tales of the Grimms and of Andersen, of the Arabian Nights and – more surprisingly, perhaps – Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories held for him in his earliest years, and the success of his first volume for children, *Zlateh the Goat and Other Stories* (1962), as well as that of this new collection of thirty-six stories written between 1962 and 1984, will cause no surprise.

There is one other demand which Singer has always made of the many tales he has committed to paper. He restates it in his essay "Are Children the Ultimate Literary Critics?", which forms the epilogue to this volume: "I must have the conviction", he writes there, "or at least the illusion, that I am the only one who can write this particular story. It has to be my story. It has to express my individuality, my character, my way of looking at the world." This, as all readers of his many books will know, is not a solipsistic creed; he is constantly aware of the history, the joys and sorrows, and the cultural creativity of the Jewish people, as these impressed themselves on him in his early years as a poor rabbi's son in Poland and remained with him during his long life as a writer of Yiddish prose in the United States. His children's stories are permeated by recollections of the Pentateuch, of Talmudic legend, of Jewish ethical and mystical texts, of Hasidic parables, of Jewish folklore and Jewish jokes, and of the exemplary writings of Hendele, Sholem Aleichem and Peretz. Some of the most enjoyable tales here are set in Khelm, the Jewish equivalent of Abdera or Gotham or Schilda, the city of fools with whose exploits every child can sympathize even while it laughs at them. But there are also tales with biblical protagonists, with sympathetic animals (ranging from a goat, whose one unvarying utterance is shown to hold a multitude of intelligible meanings, to a Yiddish-speaking parakeet who acts as a matchmaker), and with traditional *shtetl* types: matchmakers, emissaries, beggars, pranksters, merchants, *Lufmenschen*, gossipers, misers, dogooders, loving mothers, Talmud-studying fathers, fierce teachers, judicious rabbis and so on. Many of the tales are plainly autobiographical, pendants to those collected in what many feel to be Singer's finest work, *In My Father's Court*; they join legends of demons andimps, Eulenspiegel-like tales, the adventures of fools and young lovers; there are stories set in a seemingly self-contained Yiddish-speaking world and others whose background is the *Shoah*, the destruction of that world by evil forces which break in from outside.

The most frequently recurring setting and symbol is the celebration of Hanukkah: the lighting of candles, in midwinter, to recall a miraculous rescue of the Jewish people from powerful enemies; but happy endings, in Singer's world, are always qualified: "As long as Rabbi Leib lived, the black host stayed away from the forest. It was only after his death that they dared to return to fry their old tricks. Soon after, a new saint appeared, the famous miracle worker Reb Baruch, and the ancient war between good and evil started all over again." It is one of the supreme merits of these stories that though they are simple and adapted to the child's understanding, they are never simplistic. Complications may be only hinted at, but they are not glossed over. Evocations of a child's view of the world take account of the

terrors and miseries as well as the pleasures of childhood. There are deep feelings, but no sentimentalities. Vivid evocations of adventures in city and countryside, delights of the table, games, fantasies, friendships, enmities, fads and follies never trivialize the outer and inner life which they reflect.

The language to which Singer's writing remains committed is, of course, Yiddish; but these stories attest once again that his feeling for American English is good enough to permit him to enter into creative partnership with a small team of translators which produces texts that read well in English while reminding their readers, again and again, of the speech-rhythms of the Yiddish originals. When a sorely tried wife complains: "As if being a Shlemiel wasn't enough, he had to go crazy in addition Gosh in heaven, what have I done to deserve this?" or when a shoemaker, having got out of the wrong side of the bed, counters a polite request for half-soles on a pair of boots with: "Why half-soles? Why not full soles? And why do you have to mention your boots? Where else would I put the soles, on your skull-cap?", the voice of the *shtetl* rings out loud and clear. It is the voice of people who are not only emotional and argumentative, but also natural story-tellers. *Stories for Children* is full of protagonists who clearly delight in the spinning of yarns, passionate players of language games (as when the inhabitants of Khelm experiment with exchanging the names and meanings of "water" and "sour cream").

Rooted in Jewish traditions and featuring, in the main, Jewish protagonists, these tales are nevertheless likely to engage the imaginations of children reared in different religious and social traditions. The delightful Professor Shlemiel, who even forgets his own address with comically disastrous results, is as charming a creation as Professor Branestawm; and the adventures of the rabbi's son who loses his way in a strange district of Warsaw will communicate thrills, terrors, pangs of conscience and ultimate relief as powerfully in Manchester as in Brooklyn. Occasionally one feels that non-Jewish readers need a little more help than they are given with terms like "dreidel" or "Hoshanah Rabbah" but here one story may illuminate another, and after puzzling over the ubiquitous "dreidel" for many pages we discover in a new context that it is in fact a four-sided spinning top with which games of chance are played. Each side of the top is imprinted with a Hebrew character which instructs the player whether, and how much, he wins or loses. Together these characters constitute an acronym referring to the miraculous salvation of the Jewish people commemorated by the Feast of Hanukkah: *Nes gadol haya sham* – "a great miracle happened there". This may well be seen as the central symbol of Singer's work – the work of a writer who gambled on the survival of Yiddish, and who has thereby helped to ensure the miracle of its survival in the teeth of those who murdered the majority of its speakers, as well as those who sought to enshrine Hebrew as the sole legitimate Jewish language.

With certain reservations, Jessica Yates's booklet *Teenager to Young Adult: Recent paperback fiction for thirteen to nineteen years* (53pp. Oxford: School Library Association. Paperback, £2.90. 0 900641 47 9) can be recommended as an excellent guide to the main writers for teenagers. The books listed have all been issued, or in many cases reissued, fairly recently and, although there will be few surprises for the experienced parent or librarian, a fully annotated list of 168 titles divided into eight categories will be invaluable to many who are new to the field. *Teenager to Young Adult* has several useful features. For example, many loss familiar titles by popular authors such as Joan Lingard, Judy Blume, Joie Branfield and Paul Zindel have been singled out, with the authors' better-known books being mentioned only in passing. Asterisks are used to indicate (about twenty) "controversial" books, i.e. those involving violence, sexual themes, drugs or racism.

Yates's choice is firmly based on moral principles and authenticity of feeling and behaviour. She is particularly sensitive to the needs of girls of the age of twelve or thirteen and is particularly good at providing a balance



Dedicated to "the children whose lives ended during the Holocaust and to the photographers, known and unknown, who risked their lives to record their story", *The Children We Remember* (48pp. Julia MacRae. £6.25. 0 86203 294 6) selects thirty-nine photographs from the Ynd Vashen Archives in Jerusalem to form a poignant photographic essay. Most of the photographs do not have specific captions but they are supported by Chana Byers Abell's text: "Some children lived in towns like this". "They made the Jews sew patches on their clothes". "Some were rescued by Christian families" – which tells the story of the Holocaust in simple and moving terms.

A field full of folk

Jennifer Westwood

RUTH B. BOTTIGHEIMER
Fairy Tales and Society: Illusion, allusion, and paradigm
317pp. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania University Press. £29.70.
0812280210

Fairy Tales and Society is a collection of essays, mostly from North American and German universities, on the functions of fairy-tales in society – the ways in which they are used and perceived. In her preface, Ruth Bottigheimer isolates three principal theoretical functions: illusion, allusion and paradigm, which, she says, provide a framework within which to explore the interpenetration of fairy-tales and society, assess current research on fairy-tales (some gaps acknowledged here), and acquaint scholars and lay readers with contemporary German findings, and research originally presented at the conference on Fairy-Tales and Society held at Princeton University in 1984.

In other words, this is the job lot we have come to expect of *Festschriften* and similar collections. But I am glad that lay readers get a mention. General interest in "fairy-tales", whether we mean by that what folklorists would call fairy-tales, or folk-tales, or wonder

one of her categories is "Heroines". The "problem novel" takes up about a third of the list and, although there are adventure, fantasy and humour sections, there is an earnestness about the descriptions which makes it seem as though Yates is more at ease discussing books with social themes.

Pure escapism finds little reflection (no Sweet Dreams novelettes, wildly popular though they are). The humour section has only eight items and the usefulness of humour in breaking down the barriers which divide the sexes is not mentioned. "Literary titles" are described in the introduction as "virtually unread". Which are they and what are they doing on the list of recommended reading? One final caveat: the list ignores accessible genre literature, though teenagers willingly read thrillers, science fiction and detective novels of some sophistication. Missing too are books by authors such as Eilon O'Brien, Margaret Drabble, Antoinette White and others who have proved appealing to teenagers. If the list had ventured to suggest leads into adult fiction, a good piece of work would have been even better.

Alan Myers

tales, is currently very lively. Given the popular origin of the material they handle, it is proper that academics should bear this wider audience in mind. In the present volume – if you ignore some ponderous and unnecessary subtitles – there is a notable lack of in-group jargon. Specialists from several fields express possibly unfamiliar concepts perfectly intelligibly, with the exception of Steven Swann Jones, who in a gauche pedantic offering on the structure of "Snow White" invites us to make what we can of allomorphs, oicotypical versions and nuclear motifemic sequences.

Mennerlessness of a different order characterizes what should on form have been a valuable contribution, the structuralist critic Alan Dundes's "Fairy-tales from a folklorist's perspective", an extraordinarily waspish little piece whose main purpose seems to be to rap on the knuckles anyone venturing to handle fairy-tales without a folklore degree. Psychiatricians come in for it, so do children's book illustrators, so do the "authors of the other essays" for coming "from the ranks of students of literature, not folklore". His elliptical cry of "too few folklorists and too many amateurs", in the company he finds himself in, seems unconvincing.

Much of what Dundes says is perfectly true: many commentators on fairy-tales do work from an insufficient sample (too few versions of the same story). But he who counts most doesn't necessarily count best: illumination doesn't come by numbers. While some of the contributions in this collection may be unsound as to "methodology", they offer interesting insights precisely because their authors approach the fairy-tale from different angles. I was glad to learn from Marin M. Tatar (Professor of German) how unheroic are the "heroes" of Grimms' fairy-tales, usually the least likely to succeed ("To the question, Who is the sturdiest of them all? most fairy-tale fathers would reply: my youngest son!"), and from James Fernandez (Professor of Anthropology) how differently Asturian legends are told between villages, and how shifting within villages may be their emphases. Quite as useful as the thoughts of the folklorists are those of Gerhard Muller (Distinguished Professor of Criminal Justice) on the wolf as aggressor in "Little Red Riding Hood" (an antidote if not a blog else to the narrow psychological interpretation recently given currency in *The Company of Wolves*).

Instead of cataloguing fallacies, Dundes should perhaps count heads: how many students currently reading folklore at American universities are doing so as a direct result of the astonishing popularity of the work of J. R. R. Tolkien – a Professor of Anglo-Saxon

Beating about the bush

Mark Ridley

JANE GOODALL
The Chimpanzees of Gombe: Patterns of behavior
673pp. Harvard University Press. £19.95.
0674116496

When Jane Goodall began her study of the chimpanzees of Gombe, Tanzania, in 1960, their natural behaviour was almost unknown. After a quarter of a century of research – initially by herself alone and later helped by teams of assistants and students – they are probably better known than any other non-human animal. It is a study of the highest biological importance, and *The Chimpanzees of Gombe* summarizes its findings. Goodall has chosen to write for the non-specialist as well as the specialist, and therefore includes plenty of anecdotal and background material and photographs in addition to the tables and figures of (often raw) data. Given its double purpose the book succeeds reasonably well. The prose is not-technical and the material consistently interesting; and for the specialist the factual material will provide a passable reference source for the Gombe study. But the biologist seeking ideas of general biological interest will be disappointed. The reader is left to do his own mental work, and the facts are given in unadorned forms, enough to be suggestive, perhaps, but not to test sociobiological theories.

When a chimpanzee sees a human, its natural behaviour is to run away. Goodall's first task was to accustom the chimps to her presence. She did so by staying patiently near them and holding them with bananas. The troop she watched herself to contained about fifty to sixty individuals; but she soon saw that its social structure was highly fluid. While awake, chimps spend most of their time feeding (usually, 47 per cent of their time feeding, and another 13 per cent between feeding sites). They go foraging in smaller parties of two to four individuals, and enjoy a varied diet of fruit, leaves, seeds and insects. They "fish" for termites by poking specially prepared sticks into termite mounds. Foodstuffs are added to the diet as they learn about them, and as opportunities arise. Fruits are taken in season, but honey may be raided for honey, and the best news is that the Gombe chimps are acquiring a taste for mangoes.

They also hunt for meat. They take bush-babies, baboons, other chimps and even humans: "An African woman was gathering firewood when a male chimpanzee suddenly appeared, leaped at her, and seized the infant from her back. The woman was injured; the infant was dead when recovered and had been partially eaten." Chimps prefer to eat infants of primate species because their jaws are too weak to bite through the skulls of adults.

Chimps usually hunt co-operatively. They first isolate and surround an individual victim before attacking it. "Occasionally, when a potential baboon victim was partially isolated from its troop, three or more adult chimpanzees carefully positioned themselves so as to block off escape routes, while one of their number climbed towards the prey."

Between meals, they spend most of their time grooming one another and indulging their

obsession with matters of status. "A characteristic shared by most male chimpanzees is the preoccupation, from adolescence on, with maintaining and bettering their social rank." But there is some time left for sex. Chimpanzees, indeed, copulate rather a lot, particularly when a female is in oestrus. These females may be followed round by a retinue of males who peacefully take turns to copulate with her several times a day. Males court females by various distinctive rituals, one of which is shaking a branch. Sometimes they succeed, at other times they may comically fail. "Pax approached Miff, stood behind her, and shook a small branch, courting her. She paid no attention. Presently he moved closer and attempted to copulate with her. Not even looking round, Miff kicked Pax, sending him tumbling back, head over heels into the vegetation." Pax sat screaming for a while until his elder brother came and led him away by the hand.

Those branches come in useful on other occasions, such as in "whipping" (scientifically defined by Goodall thus: "whipping occurs when a chimpanzee takes hold of a growing branch or sapling and swings it up and down vigorously, hitting the victim"). "Males have been seen whipping females who refused to crouch for mating", we learn, and "occasionally rival males have whipped a copulating couple".

The understanding of the society deepened as the study moved into its second decade. For, "in 1970, the community I had been observing since 1960, the Kasakela-Kahama (KK) community, began to divide". Of the two new groups, the Kasakela community initially had eight males and the Kahama only six. Now, between 1972 and 1977, the Kasakela males would pick off the males of the Kahama community one by one, attacking, wounding and killing them: by 1977 the Kahama community had been annihilated. The Kasakela group then received a sharp lesson in foreign policy, because the Kahama group turned out to have been buffering them from the next group down, the Kalende community of at least nine males. Since then the two groups have been in frequent conflict.

Goodall's general description of the chimpanzee society is her most important achievement. But it is the individual characteristics of particular chimps that make the study so fascinating. Some chimps, like "Old Mr MacGregor", make only brief stage appearances: he is "slit for humane reasons" and never heard of again. Others have been watched for so long that Goodall knows their individual personalities, and we can come to predict who will be involved in particular encounters. There is Fifi, a jolly girl who has an "easygoing relationship" with males, and Gigi, who tends to avoid them. Passion makes something of a specialty of cannibal attacks. And long-suffering Melissa endures the wickedness of Passion and the misfortune of miscarriages, only to bring forth her unnatural son Goblin. Incest is very rare in chimps, but Goblin not only "was seen to mate with his sister" on twenty-six occasions; he also lusted after Melissa herself: "When he summoned her she refused to approach; eventually, after repeated branch shaking and two short bouts of chasing, Goblin stamped on her back three times." The brute, I believe, lives still; but it takes the violent and kinky, as well as the peaceful and comic, to make up the charming variety of chimpanzees at Gombe.

volcanic ash and its physical properties, and every type of ash deposit, or tephra, is described, including one from an Apollo lunar landing site; and over sixty types of eruptions are documented.

Each ash sample is described in terms of its nature of occurrence, its grain size and chemical composition. The descriptions are illustrated by superb photographs, including photomicrographs and stereomicrographs; but the hundreds of scanning electron microscopy photographs form the most valuable part of the atlas.

Location maps and stratigraphical sections illustrate precisely the position of each ash deposit in its sequence, and there are many tables and ternary diagrams. The line-drawings by John Tubb of various recent eruptions are particularly striking.

M. M. Sweeting

TLS

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J. H. C. Leach TLS 8th August 1986

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by Pierre Grimal. Translated by A. R. Maxwell-Hyslop

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Readers' aids — aiding readers

John L. Flood

HANS-JOACHIM KOPPITZ (Editor)
Gutenberg-Jahrbuch 1986
397pp. Mainz: Gutenberg-Gesellschaft.

The centrepiece of the 1986 volume of the *Gutenberg-Jahrbuch* is a group of eight papers from a symposium, held at the University of Mainz in October 1984, on "The sixteenth-century illustrated book with particular reference to the German-speaking area of Europe". In his introduction the editor, Hans-Joachim Koppitz, very properly remarks on the fact that, whereas in recent years literary historians have increasingly been showing interest in such questions as the way in which illustrations and text interrelate in early printed books, and most of the significant research on book illustration has been carried out by librarians and historians of the book who are not primarily qualified in art history, art historians themselves have generally shown little interest in sixteenth-century book illustration, despite the significant contributions made by such masters as Albrecht Dürer, Hans Burgkmair, Hans Baldung Grien and Urs Graf. If it achieved nothing else, the seminar will at least have served to draw attention once again to the fact that librarians often do not realize that the artistic treasures lying neglected in their illustrated books are often comparable in quality to the collections of prints and drawings in many museums.

The papers here published represent only a selection of what was on offer at the symposium — others are promised for a future volume of the *Gutenberg-Jahrbuch*. It is a pity we are not told what the complete range of papers was, for this selection is somewhat lacking in balance. Only one of the eight — by Manfred Kästner, on illustrations of the Creation and the Fall in Bibles from the first half of the century — concerns illustrated books from Germany as such. Frank Hieronymus traces Renaissance motifs in illustrations and ornaments in books from Basel, and Bruno Weber discusses scientific illustration in books from Basel and Zurich. Four papers deal with illustrated books from Bohemia and Hungary; and R. Breugelmann describes his project, apparently based at Leiden, for a comprehensive inventory of book illustration in the Low Countries from 1475 to c.1575. This project is potentially of the greatest importance, since the methodology adopted would seem not only

sound but also capable of extension to other periods and geographical areas. In Weber's paper, particularly striking is the evidence of the importance attached by men like Sebastian Münster to precision: there was a remarkable awareness of the potential value of scientific drawings for posterity. Similar accuracy and detail are admirably exemplified from Johannes Stumpf's chronicle of the Swiss Confederation (Zürich, 1547) and other notable works of the period.

Apart from this the *Gutenberg-Jahrbuch* 1986 contains the traditional rich and varied fare, twenty articles in German, English, French and Spanish, many of them by regular contributors. They range over such diverse topics as a piece of evidence from the incunabular period for the idea of copyright, the "bunch of grapes" watermark (based on the biblical motif in Numbers 13:23), Goethe's encounters with censorship from his student days in Strasbourg onwards, recent research on early Romanian printing, Hungarian library history from 1711 to 1867, and the work of a number of individual printers (though, unusually, there is nothing on Gutenberg himself). Heinrich Wurm describes a computer project for analysis of the paper used for architectural drawings in Italy in the Renaissance, some 20,000 of which survive: a pilot study, based on the drawings of Baldassarre Peruzzi (1485–1536), has already been completed, and the data bank may be accessed by telephone. Connoisseurs of early English printed books will be intrigued by Julie A. Smith's subtle analysis of woodcut presentation scenes in books printed by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson, showing what use they made of an old motif which might well be thought to have little relevance to a printed book intended for a much wider audience than a manuscript dedicated to a specific patron. Speculating on Caxton's use of the scene in the *Speculum vite Christi*, she argues that he hoped to help his patron William Arundel (whose favours he wished to renew for his own benefit) to obtain the trust of Henry VII by recalling at an opportune moment the politically acceptable activities of his ancestor Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had given approval to the translation of the *Speculum* in 1410.

Among contributions of a less specialized nature are papers on the conservation of old books, the peculiar problems of type-design for the personal work-station, and the function of book titles and chapter headings, perceptively discussed by Dieter Rölle, with many references to works of English literature. But two items must be singled out for special mention. The distinguished German opinion pollster Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann investigates the relation between the reading habit and happiness, and makes some shrewd observations on the interrelationship between watching television and reading in this "age of information". And Wolfram Göbel discusses the role of publishers' readers, strikingly illustrating the essential nature of their work by showing how Alfred Döblin's *November 1918* suffered from the lack of proper advice, and how, in contrast to this, Heinrich Böll's *Das Brot der frühen Jahre* benefited from suggestions made by the publisher Joseph Caspar Witsch, and how Lothar-Günther Buchheim's best seller *Das Boot* was much improved after Piper's editor reduced it to almost half its original length. Göbel provides a most informative sketch of the history of the job, recalling how many distinguished writers (including Rainer Maria Rilke, Franz Werfel, Walter Hasenclever, Dieter Wellershoff and Rolf Hochhuth) spent some time as such readers.

The periodical *Matrix* has now reached Volume Six of its elegant series (182pp. Andoverford: Whittington Press. £55. ISSN 0261 3093). The contents are as varied and interesting as ever, and the number of colour plates has been increased to add further illustrations to the many printing and paper specimens that adorn its twenty-five essays. As previously, there is a good deal of retrospective to the Robert Gibbings. Christopher Sandford and high Gregynog period, but the volume is up-to-date in its coverage of Rampant Lions Press jobbing work and acquisitions at the Clark Library, Los Angeles. Two articles deal with paper collecting, and there is a discussion of special hieroglyphic fonts.

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The *TLS* Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the *TLS* which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. Publishers are asked to ensure that they let us have all the necessary information, including price and publication date.

Anthropology

Shelley, Kay Kaufman Music, Ritual, and Falasha History
East Lansing: African Studies Center, Michigan State University. 415pp. \$23 (paperback).
Todd, Emmanuel, translated by Richard Boulton The Causes of Progress: Culture, authority and change
Blackwell. 217pp. £22.50. 0 631 14566 4. 30/4/87.

Architecture

Murray, Stephen Building Troyes Cathedral: The last Gothic campaign
Bloomington: Indiana UP. 257pp. plates. \$97. 0 253 31277 9. 30/4/87.
Scully, Vincent, photographed by Philip Trager The Villas of Palladio (A New York Graphic Society Book)
Oxford: Little, Brown. 167pp. plates. \$45. 0 8212 1639 2.

Art, including photography

Ayres, James English Native Painting, 1750–1900
Thames and Hudson. 160pp. plates. £6.95 (paperback). 0 500 27439 2. 27/4/87.
Danto, Arthur C. The State of the Art
New York: Prentice Hall. 228pp. illus. \$19.95. 0 13 770868 8. 3/87.
Forster, John and Elizabeth, photographers, text by Arthur Barakat Faces of Lakeland
Frank Pears, The Old Cooperage, Garske, nr. Kendal, Cumbria L&B OUV. 151pp. plates. £12.50. 0 948511 25 7. 18/4/87.
Mina, Yukiko, and Katherine R. Tsiang Ice and Green Clouds: Traditions of Chinese celadon
Indianapolis Museum/Bloomington: Indiana UP. 240pp. plates. \$33 (hardcover), \$25 (paperback). 0 936260 10 3 (hc), 0 936260 17 3 (pb). 14/4/87.
Pickavance, Ronald Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers
New York: Metropolitan Museum / New York: Abrams. 325pp. plates. \$35 (hardcover). 0 87099 475 1 (hc), 0 87099 477 8 (pb). 3/87.

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Miller, Wayne Charles, editor Minorities in America: The annual bibliography, 1987
University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State UP. 496pp. \$100. 0 271 00380 4. 18/3/87.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Bewick, Harry (Alice May) A Wild Taste (1st pub. 1958)
Methuen. 207pp. £4.50 (paperback). 0 413 15730 X. 34/5/87.
Braden, Barbara The Passion of Ayn Rand
W. H. Allen. 442pp. £14.95. 0 491 03197 3. 21/5/87.
Brecht, Bertolt, edited by Herta and Paul Paulsen, translated by John Willett Diaries 1920–1922 (1st pub. 1979)
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FitzLyon, April Maria Malibran: Diva of the Romantic Age (A Condor Book)
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French, Emily, edited by Janet Leconte Emily: The diary of a hard-worked woman
Lincoln: Nebraska UP. 166pp. £18 (hardcover), £7.55 (paperback). 0 8032 2872 4 (hc), 0 8032 6861 0 (pb). 30/4/87.
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Flemish Hamilton. 270pp. illus. £6.95 (paperback). 0 241 12948 9. 4/5/87.
Knox, William James Maxton (Lives of the Left series)
Manchester UP. 159pp. £16.50 (hardcover), £4.95 (paperback). 0 7190 2152 7 (hc), 0 7190 2153 3 (pb). 18/4/87.
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Croom Helm. 263pp. £9.95 (paperback). 0 7099 4685 6. 14/4/87.
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Chaffo and Windus. 250pp. £10.95. 0 7011 5011 5. 27/4/87.
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Holley, H. A. Developing Country Debt: The role of the commercial banks (Chatham House Papers, 30)
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King, Maxwell L., and David E. A. Giles, editors Specification Analysis in the Linear Model
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Fiction

Beaz, Greg Hegira (Gollancz SF)
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Hill, Rebecca Among Birches
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Broch, Hermann, translated by E. F. Bröck de Rotterdam The Spell
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de Carlo, Andrea The Cream Train
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Gower, Richard Law and Society in Classical Athens
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Adcock, Linda A Lasting Relationship: Parents and children over three centuries
Penguin. 319pp. £14.95. 0 947795 25 1. 14/5/87.
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New York: Garland. 277pp. \$35. 0 8240 8951 0. 5/87.
Walt, Hayden The Content of the Form: Narrative genres and historical representation
Amherst: Johns Hopkins UP. 244pp. £20.80. 0 8017 2072 2. 18/5/87.
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New York: AMS. 250pp. \$37.50. 0 404 61438 8. 9/5/87.

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Boden, Margaret A. Artificial Intelligence and Natural Man, revised edition
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